

Jersey Beat

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Issue 35



ED GEN'S CAR

*"We make the kind
of music your mother
used to yell at you
to turn down."*

- Fred Argenziano

FRICTION WHEEL

New Bands -
- A Special Section

Danzig

Patti Smith

Blue Hotel



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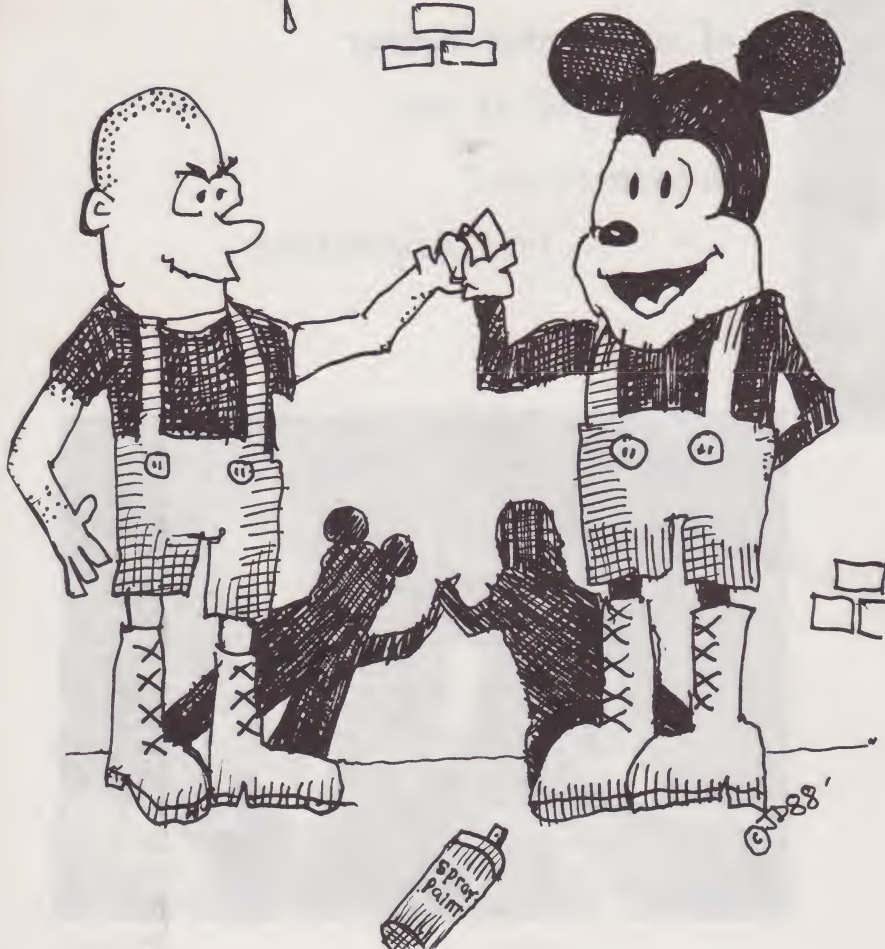
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JOISY BEAT!



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Jim Testa

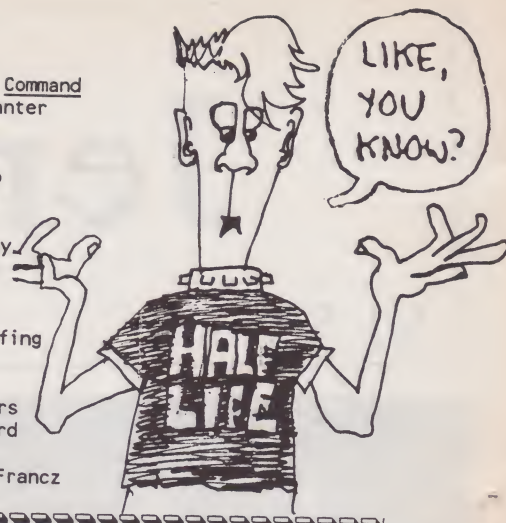
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TOP 8 RECORDS
YOU ABSOLUTELY POSITIVELY
SHOULDN'T MISS
(SUMMER '88)

1. The Fluid - Clear Black Paper
(SubPop, Box 20645, Seattle WA 98102)
Sort of a textbook case of how all these 70's wannabees want us to remember how good the 70's raunch 'n rollers were. With few exceptions, they weren't this good. Trust me.
2. No Mind - Tales of Ordinary Madness
(Lone Wolf, 1235 Lambeth Rd., Oakville, Ontario, Canada L6H 2E2)
Psychedelized hardcore. What all those Flaming Lips fans would have you believe the Lips are. But this is better.
3. John Felice & The Lowdowns, Nothing Pretty, (Ace of Hearts)
The onetime Real Kid gets his rocks off in a collection of pop tunes that are by turns bittersweet and optimistic.
4. Brian Wilson, Brian Wilson (Sire)
It's as if he listened to Pet Sounds for the first time in 20 years and remembered how to do it all again. A warm magical return to form by one of pop's great eccentric talents.
5. Jesus Chrysler, This Year's Savior, (Toxic Shock)
Hard rockin' punk tunes with a country twang and lyrics that bite.
6. Pink Lincolns, Back From The Pink Room, (Box 310754, Tampa, FL 33680)
An exceptionally good indie DIY release full of clever tunes, catchy licks, and some solid rock 'n rolling. "Bad TV" and "Velvet Elvis" are better than "punk rock" you'll ever see on MTV.
7. Charlie Pickett & The MC3, The Wilderness, (Safety Net, Box 2309, Covington, GA 30209)
Back from the grave (again), Charlie Pickett's found another label, another band, & has released another album's worth of bluesy rock 'n roll that'll have you thinking of the early Rolling Stones. Fondly.
8. Die Kreuzen, Century Days, (Touch & Go)
A lot more tuneful than you'd expect from these former trashcore mavericks, and a sharper cutting edge than you're likely to find on Avenue B these days.



Glenn Danzig: Yesterday And Today

MISFITS, Walk Among Us (Ruby)
DANZIG, Danzig (Geffen)

It's hard to believe the enduring influence of the Misfits. Maybe they never sold millions of records like the Beatles or Elvis, but they're every bit as ubiquitous - you can't go to a punk club or a hardcore show anywhere in this country without seeing at least one kid in a Misfits t-shirt. And there aren't many punk bands worth their mascara who haven't covered at least one Misfits tune. How to explain it? God knows it wasn't because they were original. The Misfits' sound was bald-faced theft: the Ramones' infectious powerchord pop and British Oi's chanted choruses. Glenn Danzig's unique genius lay in his fusion of that basic garage-punk sound with the wonderfully scummy world of b-movie gore and scifi fantasy.

Well, it had to happen. After years of drawing hundreds of dollars a copy at record conventions and in collector's stores, the Misfits' Walk Among Us lp has finally been re-released, giving us a chance to listen to the source of Misfitsmania again. (Well, sort of...this version lp has been re-mixed and "cleaned up" by Danzig and Chris D.)

Reading Danzig's lyrics, it's hard to figure out what all the fuss was about. They're trite at best, and really dumb at their lowest - "I turned into a Martian/I believe it's okay/times I never hardly sleep at night/I turned into a Martian today" and "Killed a girl on lovers lane/kept her toes and teeth/every night I stalk around/until I find my keep" are pretty typical of his songwriting. But god, those lines sound so good slurred across those catchy - in Danzig's case, perhaps we'd best say "infectious" - hooks.

Six years later, Glenn Danzig returns with Danzig, his self-proclaimed heavy metal band. Not much has changed really; the formula's almost exactly the same. Danzig's just lifted a Page from the Led Zep blooz-riff songbook and substituted 70's garage-metal blues runs for the Ramones' 3-chord riffrock. In fact, while the Misfits were almost all rhythm guitar, Danzig is almost entirely lead guitar, especially on Side One. Side Two has a thicker guitar sound and more Misfits-like hooks, but some of the most derivative and hackneyed blues-rock songwriting I've ever heard. "Evil Thing" is as transparent a ripoff of Zep's "Rock And Roll" as Walk Among Us' "Vampira" is of "Gimme Gimme Shock Treatment." It's not hard to understand why Danzig has always imagined himself a creature from B-movies like Plan 9 From Outer Space or Night of the Living Dead. Some zombies rob graves and steal brains. Others just cop riffs.

- Jim T.

The Writers Rock Out!

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Music By People Who Write About Music

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EX-LION TAMERS

DONNY THE PUNK

SLUGFEST

BALLOON SQUAD

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SCREECHING WEASEL

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INCOGNITO

START!

BAD HEWZ

MAXIMUM ROCK N RAOUL



ED GEIN'S CAR

by Jim Testa

They sing about Bernie Goetz, brain dead babies, child rapists, and Annette Funicello, with a voice that's part Glenn Danzig yowl, part tortured roar; drums pounding like a beautifully machined set of pistons, guitar an ear-smashing relic of Raw Power punk. They are fast and they are loud, as unlikely a band as you'll find...an improbable combination of maturity, confidence, talent, hard work, and fun. Four ordinary joes who can rock like hell.

The roots of the band go back to SUNY at New Paltz, New York, where bassist Eric Hedin and guitarist Tim Carroll had a band called the Deadhead Assassins. They and a friend, Scot Weiss, moved to New York and put together a new group called Brain Dead, with Scot handling lead vocals. Brain Dead eventually evolved into Ed Gein's Car, the whole thing coming together in 1984 when Fred Argenziano joined as drummer. That's the way things continued until last year, when Hedin quit and was replaced by Tommy Kennedy on bass.

It's easy to describe what Ed Gein's Car is, but not what they do. New York's club scene has a bad habit of pigeonholing its bands into little sects and sub-genres, and Ed Gein's Car usually gets tagged a hardcore band. "We're not a hardcore band," states Fred. "We get a lot of different things thumbtacked to the back of our head that way. Labelling can be a dangerous thing. I mean, what do we do? We make the kind of music your mother used to yell at you to turn down."

"We like it best when we get called a band," continues Weiss. "But we'll take anything we can get at this point."

Only Tommy Kennedy, the youngest member, seems comfortable with being called a hardcore band. "When I went to play hardcore, in my mind I actually said, well, where would Chuck Berry go if he was gonna find a band today? And it was hardcore. It's just hard rock 'n roll."

The Gein guys certainly doesn't look like a hardcore band - especially in New York, a hardcore scene dominated by skinhead punks and suburban teenagers. For one thing, these guys are, well, mature individuals.

"My punk thing started way before the 70's," admits guitarist Tim Carroll, the loudest and brashest of the bunch, who with his wild shock of curly blond hair is the only Gein who looks like a punk rocker. "But the 70's thing did affect me. All that stuff just seemed like the right thing at the right time. And it was a fun thing. I think the "Never Mind The Bollocks" album changed more people's lives...well, it changed my life."

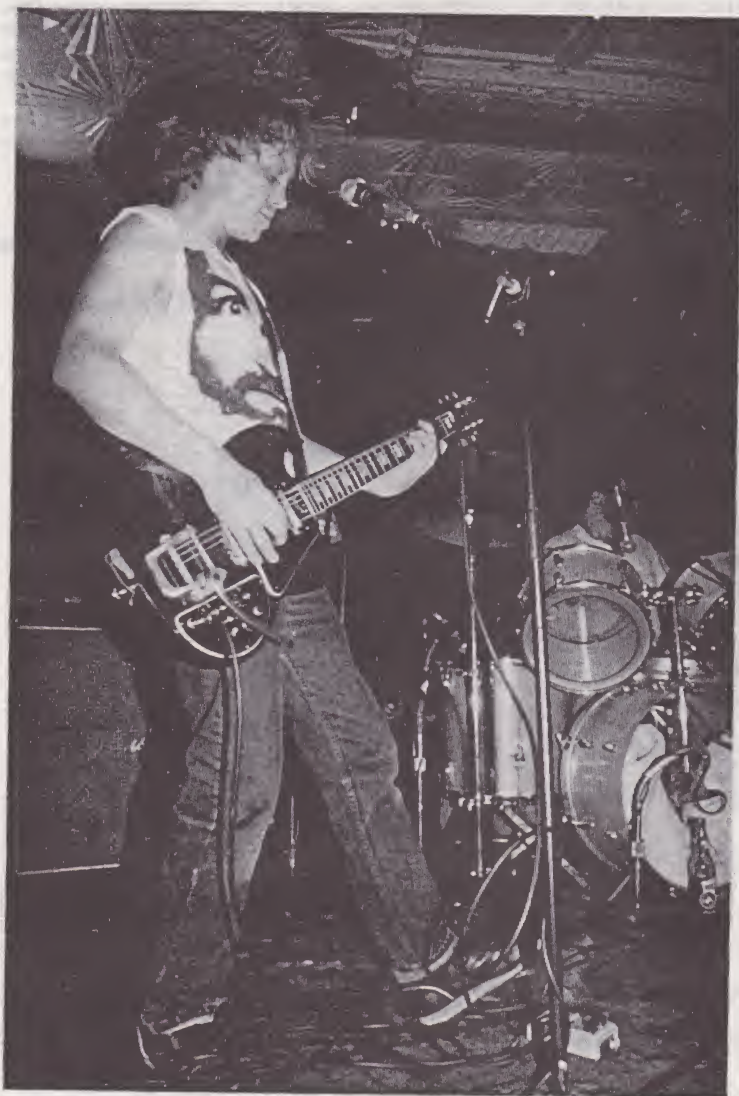
Lead singer Scot Weiss is bald. Drummer Fred Argenziano is a portly guy with a trimmed black beard and glasses. Bassist Tommy Kennedy missed the whole punk rock thing; "I joined the Navy in 1977," he says. They look more like four guys you'd see swilling Buds and grilling steaks at a tailgate party at Giants Stadium than a rock n roll band.

Weiss acknowledges that the Geins' hard 'n speedy rock might qualify as "hardcore," but adds, "If you go to a hardcore matinee at CBGB now, 95% of that stuff is going to be the same old thing, but 5% will be something that has nothing to do with anybody's idea of hardcore."

Once you get past what to call what they do, you can start to admire how well they do it. Ed Gein's Car, from the day they started in 1984, have been a presence in New York. They're not only a good band, but they're awfully good at the business of being a band.

"We started from Day One [to promote ourselves], we used to go out and hang up posters everywhere we could for every gig. We've sent out an enormous number of radio and press promos of everything we've done. Now we don't poster anymore, but we have the mail list we rely on," explains Argenziano.

Continued on next page



TIM CARROLL



Keeping Dick Dancing

**ed
gein's
car**

"If you go out and poster, and you put up enough of them, people see the name," explains Weiss. "And they don't know if you're small or big or where you're from, but the name recognition comes."

Weiss draws the band's striking artwork, which adorns all their flyers as well as their record sleeves. His graphics revel in stark black and whites, often gruesome or frightening but always from the real world. Ed Gein's Car shares a lot of traits with the Misfits, but where Glenn Danzig lives in a world of movie monsters and comic book horror, Ed Gein's Car finds all the terror they need outside their front door.

But while their lyrics are frequently unpleasant (if not outright repulsive), the band's performances are nothing but fun. You can't find a band that plays together more confidently, or with such obvious enjoyment. The group practices twice a week - "it's become a religion with us," says Argenziano, "it's just totally a part of our lives" - and keenly enjoys making their music. They can't understand or even begin to explain why, at an age when most adults have put their kind of loud and fast rock and roll far behind them, these guys are just getting their second wind.

The band recruited Argenziano and recorded their first record, the 3-song EP "Brain Dead Baby," shortly after forming in 1984. The next year, they recorded their first album, Making Dick Dance, which the band released themselves around Christmastime, 1985. Last year, amid the tumult of losing Eric Hedin and finding a new bassist, the band released a live LP on the ill-fated CBGB/Celluloid "Off The Board" label. Now the group is shopping around a 5-song demo of new songs, trying to attract a label.

"At this point, we're looking for a way to make a living at what we do," explains Weiss.

"We found a niche, and we're doing what we've been doing from the beginning, and that's fine," continues Argenziano. "But we've reached the point where we have to move on. We've done an indie record, and it's an enormous amount of work, and sometimes it's totally unrewarding. Because you get so bogged down in handling the day to day business end of it that you can't do the one thing you want to do, which is play. And that's all I really want to do."

"Not just play. Create," adds Tim Carroll. "Play is one thing, create is another. And that takes all of your energy. You don't have time to do anything else. You don't have time to do a stupid day job. We all do stupid jobs. That's why we don't create enough music. Money is leisure. Leisure is creativity. We don't have any creativity at all, because we DON'T HAVE ANY FUCKING MONEY!"

The new songs don't sound all that different from the earlier material. In fact, one thing that's marked Ed Gein's Car is their consistency.

"If you make music, then you've got to be able to take everything you do in the continuum of music. I like the Swing music of the 20's, the rock 'n roll of its era. Bix Beiderbecke was the Jimi Hendrix of his era. You find that continuum throughout music. You want to play. You do it in the format that works. And this format works."

"We haven't perfected what we're trying to do," says Carroll. "And we're driven too," adds Weiss. "We really need to go on doing this."

"No," says Carroll, "we haven't perfected it yet. But we're on the way to something good, though, I think. Don't you?"

DISCOGRAPHY

"Brain Dead Baby" EP
1985

MAKING DICK DANCE LP
1985

YOU LIGHT UP MY LIVER LP
1987

SATURDAY, JULY 15 - Bailter Space/Bats/The Last, Maxwells - The 2 New Zealand bands on the top of the bill were as gamey and third-rate as New Zealand lamb, playing warmed-over Amerindie rock/pop without an original idea between them. Bailter Space - generic Gerardmetal distorto/grunge sludgcore, the Bats sticky-sweet college-radio pop/slop. The Last, reborn after a few years hiatus, were plagued by the usual Maxwells Mix From Hell, so the Beatlesque harmonies of their new LP were lost in the aether. But they rocked nonetheless through a tough, tight set of new songs, and then played two from 1979's L.A. Explosion lp that had me & Jack Rabid turning cartwheels. Really. You shoulda been there.

SUNDAY, JULY 16 - Combat Records Showcase, CBGB - Somehow I managed to force myself to miss Death and DBC. Stayed home and watched the Yankees on tv.

MONDAY, JULY 17 - Giant Records Showcase, Lismar Lounge - Tiny overheated basement run by Rastas who kept hawking their shoddily silkscreened Seminar t-shirts and smoking reefer when they should have been trying to get the Mickey Mouse p.a. to work a little better. Verbal Assault, with Darren Mock and Doug Ernst on bass & drums this time out, were their usual amazing selves, the crowd surprising sedate (no slamming, in fact the front row sat thru the set). This inspired the band to play a few more slower, moodier pieces, Chris Jones' emotional vocals ripping holes in our hearts and Pete Chrmiec's blazing guitar expanding the band's growing collection of killer lead fills and riffs. Dag Nasty - responsible for one of the NMS's best rumors, that Giant pressed 25,000 copies of Field Day and got 20,000 of them back from their distributors - sucked, plagued by shoddy p.a., backup harmony vocals totally inaudible, guitars distorted, etc etc etc but then any hardcore band that thinks they're gonna sell out and make Top 40 like R.E.M. is too stupid to live anyway. I hear Government Issue were okay but I had to go to work the next day. Met Jim the Drummer from Dog Tired and waved hello to Gerry Cosloy, who didn't wave back, but that was all the networking available as Giant label head Steev was nowhere to be found.

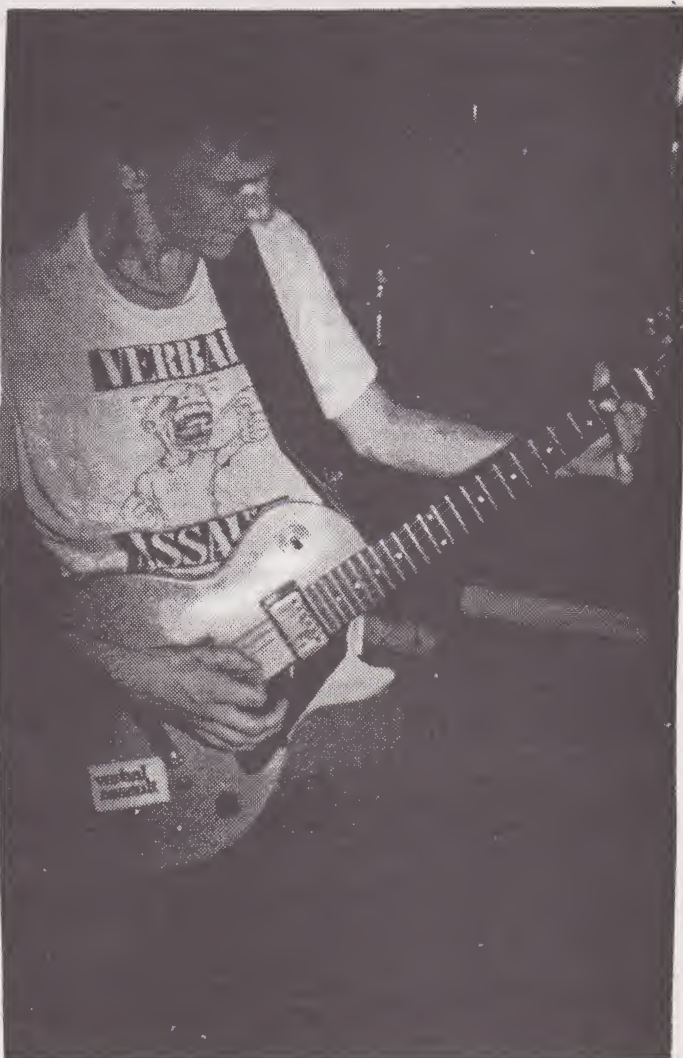
TUESDAY, JULY 18 - Rock Hotel Hardcore Show, Irving Plaza - Scored a ticket from Nathan (TWP 'zine) so I opted for this show over the 11-band SST showcase at CBGB. This may have been the single biggest nonstop lunkathon in the history of NY/HC, several thousand soaking wet skinheads packed into venerable Irving Plaza's highschool gym dimensions, 95+ degree heat and 98% humidity, I surprised it didn't start raining in there. Typical promoter fuckups found the doors not even open at the 7:30 start time, Sick Of It All played to an empty room as early arrivals started drifting in at 8 p.m. or so. Rest In Pieces previewed some harder, muscular crunch-rock which they'll be recording for Hawker Records, but the crummy sound system (which plagued every band on the bill) and mechanical snafus made their 15-minute set a nightmare. Underdog were totally amazing, raw power and adrenalin, singer Richie overcoming the bad vibes, oppressive ambience, and shoddy equipment through sheer force of personality, god these kids can rock it. Drummer Dean later told me Underdog will be hooking up with Agent Orange for a cross-country tour this summer, ending up at Gilman Street in Berkeley. Warzone sounded like shit and looked pretty stupid, never more so then when lead singer Raybies tried to deck one of the Irving Plaza stagehands prior to their set. Warzone can't decide if they want to be part of the new-wave Positive Punk crew or stay part of the old guard New Yawk nazi skinhead oi scene, but one thing's for sure: With a lead singer pushing thirty, signed to Caroline Records, and playing a New Music Seminar showcase, they sounded pretty fucking stupid singing Oi anthems like "Remember The Struggle, Remember The Streets." Leeway are just another generic speedmetal band with the exception of their baby-faced lead singer, Eddie, whose B-Boy charisma totally dominates their sets. Then Agnostic Front. What can I say? This band owns New York. When they play, it's 1982 again. It's power, it's speed, it's dynamic good vibes. It's punk rock Woodstock. No matter if it's a tiny place like CBGB or a ballroom like The Ritz, AF transforms any venue into a joyful community bonded in celebration. I don't think I've ever felt anything like what they can do to a room full of punks, but I've seen them do it too many times to be a doubter. At that point, I had lost about 12 pounds and bed was calling, so I missed Murphys Law. No great loss.

PETE CHRMIEC - Verbal Assault

New Music Seminar Report

DIARY OF A ROCK CRITTER

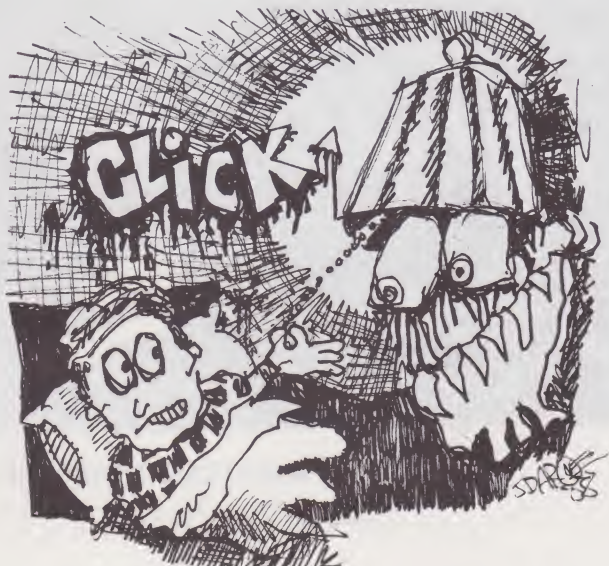
Jersey Beat Confidential



WEDNESDAY, JULY 18 - Option magazine party, Knitting Factory - The crowd was full of celebrities, from Timbuk 3 to Peter Holsapple, sporting shoulder length hair and looking just like he did back in 1978 in Rittenhouse Square, his high school metal band. Holsapple did a few solo gigs for NMS, explaining that the dBs all lived in different states and it was too hard to get them all together to do a gig. Yeah, sure. With Gene Holde gone too now, the "dB's" consist of Holsapple, the drummer, and two hired guns, kinda like if McCartney and Ringo formed a band and went around calling themselves the Beatles, y'know? Anyway, back to the Knitting Factory. Tiny Lights did one of their usual sets, wonderful inventive folk/psychadelia for about a half hour, then falling completely apart in self-indulgent paroxysms of funk, jazz, and hard rock. How can a band that plays out this much be so bad at putting together a coherent set list? Tiny Lights do a lot of things awfully well, but they always wind up doing too much, and overstaying their welcome. I was sitting with The Voice of OPEC SID and Dave From Chicago; Dave loved 'em but The Voice of OPEC SID kinda summed it up better when he dubbed them "Fairport Confusion."

THURSDAY, JULY 19 - Really wanted to see Bastro at Maxwells, this is Dave Grubbs from Squirrel Bait and now signed to Homestead, but after a week of seminaring and going to work in the morning I just sort of collapsed at 8 pm and couldn't get back up.

FRIDAY, JULY 20 - Adrenalin O.D., Lismar Lounge - Dave Run It had promised to pick me up in Bridgeport and drive me to the Anthrax to see the Goo Goo Dolls and Scream, but Run It's car died and then the Goo Goo Dolls called to say they had to cancel, so I returned to the Lismar for what I thought was A.O.D. and The Skulls. When the two Buy Our bands got to the club, however, the ganja-addled Rastas who run the "New Lismar" announced that they had accidentally booked two different shows for the same night and were letting all the bands play, which meant 4 bands before A.O.D. could get on. The Skulls just chucked it, but A.O.D. were breaking in their new bassist, Wayne (from Keith Hartel's short-lived Little Hoods) so they figgered, "On with the show!" After dropping several broad hints to Paul with no success, I paid the \$6 cover and was then told by Rasta #3 at the door that "all exits are final," so I was exiled to the basement club space to watch two of the most godawful bands I've ever seen, the first consisting for four unattractive women in black tank tops playing Joan Jetts covers, the second a group called The Bureaucrats who were so horrible I figured the only explanation for their existence is that they're NYU students who couldn't get into Filmmaking 101. A.O.D. went on and played a bunch of new songs from the "Cruising With Elvis" lp that totally rock. These guys just get better with age and new bassist Wayne turned out to be just fine, even does the same energetic jumps during songs that Keith did. Rasta #2 at the soundboard kept complaining that A.O.D. were going to destroy his mickey mouse p.a. so the band had to turn down, which wasn't a bad idea since they loosened a few of my fillings even at the lower volume.



DIARY OF A ROCK CRITTER



New Music Seminar Wrap-Up

If there was a lesson to be learned from this year's NMS, it might be that there were 22 clubs in New York City (including Maxwells, in Hoboken) booking bands for that week. That's 22 possible venues in a city where every band I know constantly complains, "There's no place to play." Ok, granted, not everyone of these places has alternative bands all the time, and some of them aren't that inviting...but the point is that they're there. And I'm getting a little sick of hearing local musicians cry about not being able to get a gig, when what they really mean is they can't get a booking at Maxwells or a weekend at CBGB. I don't think bands are any lazier or more complacent than they are in New York. I'm also less than thrilled with bands that play first or second on a 3 or 4 band bill, and start packing up and moving their equipment out of the club while the other bands are still playing. It's not only rude, it's cutting your own throat, dudes. How can you expect your audience to support local bands, when the bands clearly don't support each other around here?

There are lots of things to complain about when it comes to the club scene in this area - money is probably #1, and nevermore so than during NMS, when everybody stuffs their pockets with tourist cash EXCEPT the bands. I love Seminarees who complain that there are too many New York bands playing during the Seminar, but see nothing wrong with the fact that most of the groups who performed during the seminar showcases were paid next to nothing. Do you really expect a band to come to New York from out of town, stay around a week, and play one or two gigs without even a \$100 guarantee? C'mon! And don't tell me about exposure -- you're not going to get signed to Warner Brothers by playing a seminar showcase at Kenny's Castaways on a Tuesday night.

DEADLY BLESSING

Ascend From The Cauldron, LP
New Renaissance

Straightforward-type rock with typical music that does have a heavy edge and some of the lamest vocals. Singer Ski tries to more than he is and ruins what could be a good vocal sound. The high-pitched stuff goes offkey and sounds terrible. The music shows that the band can play but not write. I've heard this stuff from a lot of other bands already. The guitars are mixed too low and the drum sound often sounds like a guy slapping a formica table. If this wasn't on New Renaissance, it probably would've just been Below Average, but instead it's just not even good enough for Bad.

VIOLENCE

Eternal Nightmare, LP
MCA/Mechanix

One of the best debuts that will appear this year. Violence are an allout attack of sheer techno-speed-power-thrash (whatever you call it) metal. This Bay-area quintet in a word rage and rage hard. Check out Violence for 7 worthwhile metal tunes. I almost might add Sean Killian has one of the most original voices I've heard in a while.

SLAYER

South of Heaven, LP
Def Jam

Slayer has always been one of the leaders of the Thrash scene, never afraid to take a chance or cause a controversy. South Of Heaven is the 4th vinyl offering and it's no different. Slayer is now the only band to use the Satanic concept (one which they not only started, but started a big trend with) well. Musically, this lp is a huge change, no longer all total speed. Yes, the speed is there but rarely and even with all the tempo changes, the album sacrifices nothing in heaviness. My only complaint is that Tom Araya (bass, lead vocals) is not quite ready to sing and doesn't do a good job of faking it.

M.O.D.

Surfin' M.O.D., LP
Megaforce Worldwide

This is the official FUN record of the summer. If nothing else, it will put a grin on your face. Billy Milano's back with a new attitude, new band, and a new record. No more "I wanna cry about everything and piss everyone off" attitude from Billy. Now he covers "Surfin' USA," "Shout," "Scream's "New Song," and "Color My World," plus a few new tunes. Anyone who finds anything wrong with M.O.D.'s new message should lighten up, switch to Sanka, and get a larger pair of underwear.

LETHAL AGGRESSION

"Life's Hard But That's No Excuse"
Funhouse

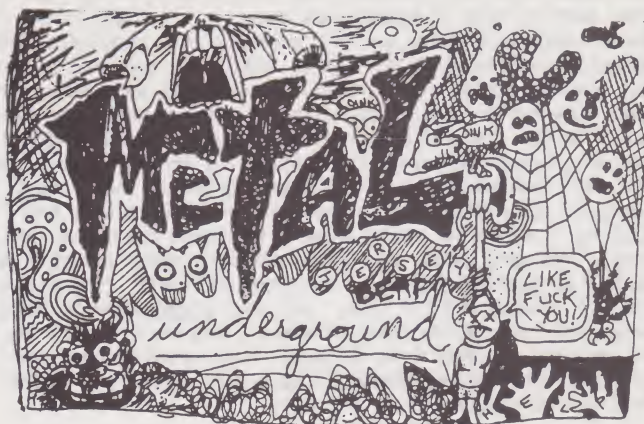
20 songs from the NJ Shore HC leaders, most of which are available in different recordings on their earlier demo tapes. A worthwhile purchase as the few new tunes are probably the best, but classics like "No Scene," "Fighting In The City," and "Morbid Reality" are there too. The sound is good though the vocal effects could be used less in spots. Also, guitarist Rob DeFroschia has left the band and replaced by the ex-bassist of Social Decay. Rob's new band is called Locked Up In Life.

== NEW BAND ==

Planet Dread

Actually, Planet Dread is an old band with a new name. Formerly Hatred, the band decided to break away from the stereotypes that Hatred brought with it. Still a thrash band, Planet Dread are very technical, using many stops, tempo changes, and melodies to give their sound an original edge. Also, they've got that all-important youth factor on their side. They're now talking to record companies and hope to have vinyl soon.

John Bone - vocals
Jerry Dale - guitar, vocals
Matt "Chugg" Barroff - lead guitar
Dave Schlosser - bass, vocals
Dan Iannuzelli - drums



WITH: **MIKE NICELLO**



AMERICAN STANDARD



AMERICAN STANDARD

AMERICAN STANDARD - "April '88" Demo

Reviewing this demo is tougher than most of the college work I had in courses like "Concepts of Design & Typography" or "The Physics Of Optics." My main dilemma is the mere fact that American Standard is an exceptional band from New Providence, NJ, and this tape really shows off their strengths. But (oh, it's such a big word) here's the problem - how can you be critical of greatness? Because American Standard is a great new hardcore band, and this is hands down the best hardcore demo of the year.

The band doesn't like to be labelled "hardcore." Why? you ask. Well, I'll tell ya. "It Comes Around" opens the tape with a bang. This song (as I understand it) is about how you always get back what you give. "And when it comes around/that's when you'll know/consideration given, consideration shown/and when it comes around/that's when you'll see all the good inside your soul/is shadowed by your greed." Up next, "Thank You," which is not a techno-ultra-fancy-type song, but for some reason, as simple & basic as it is, it still blows most of today's NY HC away. "Building Blocks" is more straightforward power, backed up with lyrics with thoughtfulness and integrity. The next song, "Away," also appeared on their first demo. This version is just a new recording of a song I already loved. "So Much" closes out the demo, and by the time you get to this song, your mouth is open in amazement and you're on your way to rewind for another listen. I just hope more bands with this much talent, integrity, and form come along. Hardcore would be a lot more interesting and a lot better to listen to. If Minor Threat were still together today, this is where they'd be heading.

- Mike Aiello

FALSE VIRGINS

"Insomnia" 3-song EP

Red Ghost, 315 4th Ave., Haddon Hts., NJ 08035

Grrrrreat! "Insomnia" introduces the basic False Virgins sound - grinding skronking Velvets-damaged garage-grunge guitars, throbbing lead bass luring the morass of fuzz 'n feedback back toward melody, male/female harmony vocals topping the whole thing off with echoes of both John/Exene and Lydia/Clint. Missing is the all-too-usual angst-ridden self-pity of the Lower East Side; this combo has a New Brunswick zip code, which means they still make rock 'n roll for the fun of it. Flip has two more tunes with similar wall-of-drone guitars, one featuring pretty female lead vox. Red Ghost promises two more releases in the near future, a Catharsis single and a 7" Spiral Jetty EP previewing their upcoming album.

- Jim T.

HOGAN'S HEROES

Built To Last, LP

Straight On, PO Box 341, West Creek, NJ 08092

Speed. Hogan's Heroes live & die for speed. Which is not unusual, in fact it's the predominant sound of today's local hardcore scene. But I'd like to suggest that if & when they record again, they try slowing it down a little. Because while Built To Last sounds fine and will undoubtedly delight the Positive Youth Crew audience, it's the little breaks, riffs, and solos in between the fast parts that I really impressed me. The record - which represents three years of songwriting - has its share of Minor Threat mosh 'n grind thrash ("Change"), its obligatory Positive Youth Message songs ("Better Youth," "Drugz") and its male-bonding songs ("Built To Last"). Lyrically, they get most original on "Zombies Suck," a sort of anti-zombie song, and "State Vegetable," a morally ambiguous story about a terminally ill girl on a respirator (the only song that mentions anything about women on the record, by the way) that ends with party noises and male voices bragging about how "def" they are. What stands out, in my mind, are things like the cool drum solo/powerchord intro to "Stuck In A Rut," the searing psychedelic guitar parts that break up some of the longer songs, and the cool, melodic bass riffs that turn up unexpectedly throughout the album. A veteran band that can write, arrange, and play together should start thinking about doing something more constructive with their music than trying to break the John Porcelly Landspeed Record.

- Jim T.



THE FIENDZ

"Havin' Fun" EP

Black Pumpkin, 158 Stewart Terrace, Totowa, NJ 07512

Don't get scared when you see the ghouls 'n gremlins staring out at you from the Fiendz' posters and picture sleeve. "That's just the sort of stuff we're into," says guitarist/songwriter Jerry Jones. "It doesn't have anything to do with our music." And indeed it doesn't, at least on the evidence of this terrific debut 3-song 7-inch. Jones knows how to write a mean hook, and his fellow Fiendz surround those catchy riffs with bubblegum harmonies, snappy drumming, and youthful energy. Okay, so they're too young to remember the Speedies or Real Kids. That's who they remind me of. Drummer Joe adds one bit of warning: "We're a lot harder live. When we play out, at least half the set is hardcore." By which I assume he means faster & harder, but I bet no less tuneful or infectious than "Don't Point" or the other two boy/girl pop-toons captured on this disc. "Nobody else has ever done the Misfits sort of artwork with this kind of music before," adds Joe, who's the group's resident artist. "So I think we're pretty original." I think so too. Horror Pop. An idea whose time has come.

THE BLISTERS

"Sleepers" EP

PO Box 166, Green Village, NJ 07935

The Blisters have been one of those well-kept secrets that New Jersey's rock underground produces in seasonal bumper crops, and the fact that they're still releasing their own 7" records when so many inferior bands are getting signed is just one more disheartening example of how the whole indie scene sucks sometimes. But that's business and we're here to talk music, which in the case of this EP is very good news indeed. The Blisters have finally broken free of their enormous stylistic debt to the Ramones with "Sleepers," an instant power-pop classic that wouldn't have sounded out of place on the Real Kids' debut lp back in 1977. It's got hooks, a melody to die for, & wonderfully ingratiating lyrics (lead singer Nitti "Steve" Bahr wishes for a love so true that he'll be able to sleep soundly again & wake up with "sleepers" in his eyes). The flipside has 3, count 'em, 3 cool tunes, a short, rockin' instrumental, a Gary Valentine-ish pop/punk rocker ("I Call You") and something a little harder 'n faster, "That Boy Better Scram," which sorta sounds like that quartet from Queens again; but hey, if you're gonna write powerchord pop-toons with loveable boy/girl lyrics, name a better influence? The EP has breakout written all over it - a big record deal, national tour, radioplay up the wazoo... Yeah, well, okay, so I'm dreaming. Why not? I dream about records this good showing up in the mail, and sometimes that dream comes true.

THE PARASITES

"Lost In The 80's" EP

Box 234, Livingston, NJ 07039

I felt kind of bad about this band, because they got conned into thinking they were going to get this GREAT review by somebody who had no business making promises about what does & doesn't get into this 'zine. So I got a copy of their EP (and out-of-print demo cassette) to check 'em out myself. It came as a bit of a surprise to find out that Ronnie Parasite and Dave Ross (part-time Parasite) were once in The Accelerators, a Mutha Records act whose "Action Park" I still remember fondly as one of those cool, early punk-scene songs that sprouted from the Dirt Club Underground way back when. The Parasites apparently started as something of a jokey punk band with a Ramonesish sound - their lp-length demo is full of songs whose lyrics are really extended punchlines - but by the time they invested their money in the "Lost In The 80's" EP, Ronnie (vocals, bass) and co-Parasite Nikki (vocals, guitar, and some drums) had turned their talents to power-pop love songs like "If You Knew," politically-oriented punk ("Redskin," a pro-Indian rights number), and Accelerators-style punk-rock (like "Searchin' For Action," my favorite tune on the record). They've got a buzzing, lively guitar style punctuated by the spare but effective lead riff, an engaging presence on their vocals, and some (I won't use the word "catchy" again on this page, I promise) infectious melodic tunes. In fact, an evening of Blisters, Fiendz, and Parasites would make a killer triple-bill, although I can't think of anyplace but The Dirt Club that would book three non-scene bands committed to such uncommercial ideals as fun, strong melodies, and clever lyrics.

7"



THE
fiendz

PARASITES_{parasites}

parasites

PARASITES





New Bands

PSYCHOS IN LOVE

Is it just coincidence that this Rutgers-bound trio bears an amazing resemblance to New Brunswick's resident scenemeisters, Spiral Jetty? There's the same sparse, strummed guitar, the same bouncing bass, the same skewed-pop sensibility. Even Jetty Adam Potkay's weird lyrical bent - what I like to think of as David Lynch Rococo, bucolic suburban lawns littered with severed human ears - comes into play, with songs about rejected love and unleashed passions that take a left turn at logic and traditional rock/pop moves. "Taxi Driver," with its mod/ska beat and uptempo rockin' chorus, even reminds me of early Mod Fun. The vocals, shared by guitarist Scott and bassist Nigel, are fresh & engaging, and drummer Jed keeps a steady beat with a light hand, in keeping with the band's airy and minimalist style. (39 Bayshore Dr., Toms River, NJ 08753)

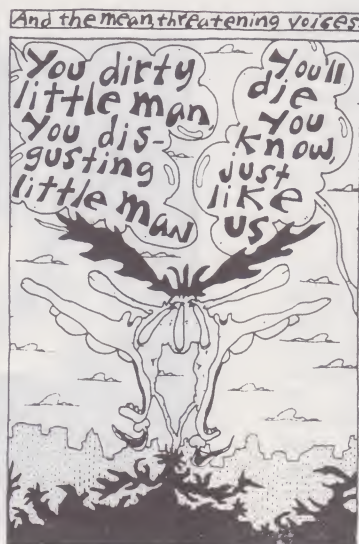
MAYFIRST

First, there is Amy Jacobs' voice. Mayfirst begins with that voice - a strident, emotional reedy instrument that makes you think of Siouxsie or, a generation later, Kristin Hersh of Throwing Muses. Then there is the music - an electronic thunderstorm of distorted & overamplified guitar and bass propelled by quick, crisp drums in "Unrelenting Hate," a throbbing bass under feedback guitar-noise in "26 Stitches," followed by a powerfully melodic vocal and a hypnotizing riff of descending chords... This is one of the most original demos I've heard in a while; not industrial, not pop, but with elements of both, art-rock without pretension or affectation. You can never guess where the next song will go from listening to the one before, but I'm eager to hear where this band will go from here.

(% Drew Gardner, Box 527 Patterson Avenue, Titusville, NJ 08560.)



MAYFIRST



ALL-AGES SHOW



FRICTION WHEEL

FRICTION WHEEL

This young quartet showed a ton of improvement when they played their second Maxwells show back in June, and since then they managed to put together a summer tour, which I'm sure just sharpened them up even more. The Friction Wheel sound is twangy, energetic punk rock, obviously influenced by latterday guitar heroes R.E.M. but no less so than "classic" influences like Television. Guitarist Sean Condron, the last Wheel to join the band, proved that by last June's gig he'd been fully integrated into the group, adding biting and twisting powerchords to the band's overall twang. And I love the sloppy punk-rock abandon with which lead singer/guitarist Willy Lopez throws himself into these songs. These guys know about backup vocals and arrangements too. They're readying a studio demo produced by no less than Bob Mould.

SLUGFEST

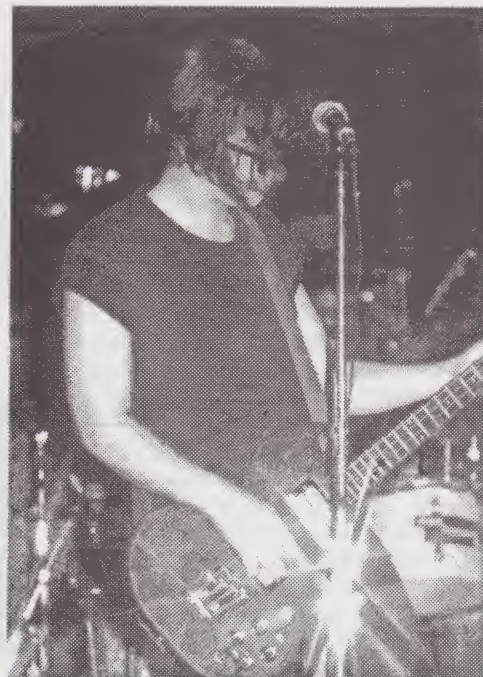
Slugfest is another young band, this one a trio featuring Urban Rag editor Jon Ment on bass and vocals. Their sound is a sloppy, rambunctious mixture of punk, country, and blues, although for some reason (Jon's haircut, maybe?) Mykel Board is including them in a big article he's writing on New York's new Scum Rock scene. They do some funny covers and some ferocious originals. And any band with a fanzine editor singing lead has gotta rule, ok?

SWINE DIVE

If you recognize some of the faces in this band, chances are they've stamped your hand at the door at Maxwell's a time or two. The band's got an impressive Die Kreuzen-like crunch, double-guitar sonic whammy over bellowing post-hardcore vocals, throbbing bass coupled with dynamically ringing drums. They might benefit from a few more slow songs to help set up the hardcore-tempo'd fast 'n angry stuff (they did a pretty psychedelic ballad at their Maxwells debut that was a stunner). And maybe the rest of the band (Larry Rubin and Jim Fu on guitars, Chris Ward on bass, and Keith Nealy on drums, for the record) could learn to move a little more instead of making like mannikins, and help support singer Steve Rebert, who does flail around and emote like a smokestack during his performances.

TRIGGERVISION 88

Talkin' bout bands with fanzine editors, Triggervision has two: D.A. (Smash Apathy) and Brian Shapiro (Cancer) on vocals and guitar, respectively. Their music (if you can call it that) transforms pain, anger, and psychosis (mostly emanating from the charismatic D.A.) into concrete walls of bludgeoning noise - a frightening mixture of adrenalin and Jack Daniels, distortion and echo fx, a mammoth roaring thunderstorm of guitar, bass, drums and keyboards augmented by chilling tape sampling. There several cassette releases are unrelentingly psychotic journeys into the darker side.



Jon/SLUGFEST

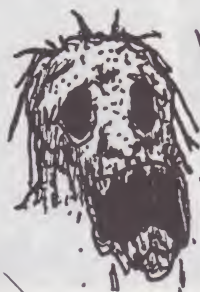


TRIGGERVISION



CHAOS

My mom said I
should draw nice
things. Like trees...
and birds.

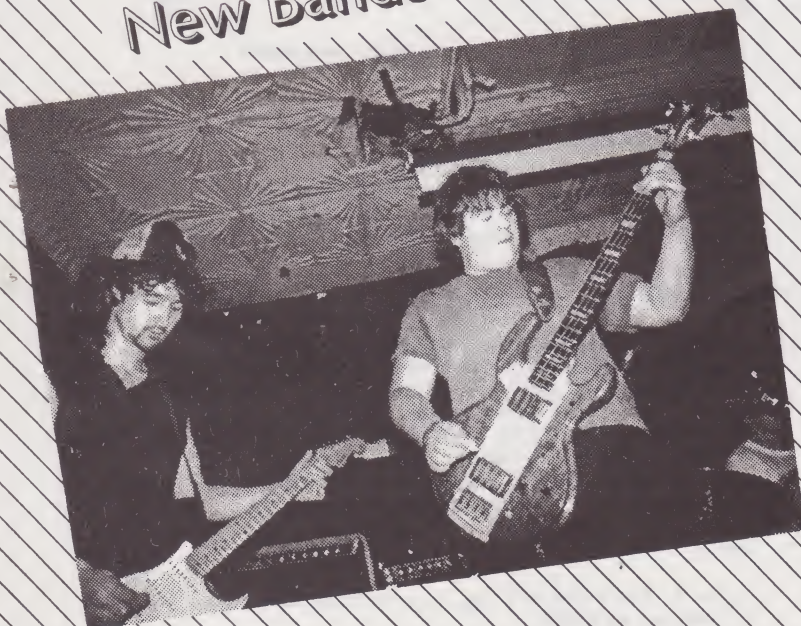


Yet, I seem
to prefer
Emaciation

New Bands

Watch out for Chaos, a new band from the West Caldwell area. All four members are excellent musicians (if I do say so myself, having sat in on one of their practice sessions), and they're all only 15, ninth-graders at James Caldwell High School (where, they claim, "the music scene sucks").. Despite their age, the dedication and talent they show is incredible. I guess you could call them a metal band, with influences ranging from Led Zeppelin to Metallica. The group consists of Justin Hower on vocals, Roy "Damage" Neustaeder on drums, Jon Baldwin on bass, and Paul Holda on guitar. Says Roy, "We've got our minds set to make it, but none of our parents realize we're serious." [Don't sweat it, Roy, I have the same problem - Ed.] Their parental support isn't much so they're counting on you. If you love thrash metal, throw a party and invite this band to play. They say they'd love to do it for free. You won't be disappointed. You can write Chaos c/o Paul Holda, 19 Kinley Avenue, W. Caldwell, NJ 07006.

- Tami Morgan



SWINE DIVE

Dog Tired

by Tom Angelli

Dog Tired are probably the best new band from the bowels of NJ. They've got a great sound all their own, and plan to start recording their first demo this summer.

Dog Tired are: Guy - guitar & vocals
Mark - guitar & vocals
Al - bass
Jim - drums

Q: How long has Dog Tired been around? Were you in any bands before that?

Guy: Dog Tired has been around about a year. My old band was Bad Dogma.

Mark: About a year. Al and I were in a "punk cover" band, Stretcher Case. We played a couple of shows a few years ago, after about 2 or 3 weeks of practice. It was fun at the time, but it never turned into anything. Now we just have Dog Tired and I'm real happy with it.

Jim: Just fuck around bands to get used to some kind of style.

Q: What people/bands influenced you to be in a band of your own?

G: Influences & inspiration - Tomas of Beefeater, Guy from Rites Of Spring...their bands. I'm really into Fugazi, they're fucking great. Other influences - Soul Asylum, I love them, the Descendents.

M: I like mostly melodic but quick punk/hardcore bands. The ones that really helped motivate me to write and play are stuff like Stiff Little Fingers, the Clash, Rites of Spring, Beefeater, Descendents, Cockney Rejects. I also like a lot of "non-punk" stuff that really inspired me, like Bob Marley, Joy Division, and ska.

A: When I hear about how bad Paul Simonon was on bass, it's very inspiring. I mean, look how far the Clash got. He used to tape the damn notes on his fretboard.

J: This guy Mr. Goodwine that I work with always tells me to keep it up and never quit. As for groups, mostly Descendents, Dag Nasty, Bob Marley a lot lately, and Rites of Spring.

Q: Most of you have regular jobs, how does that affect your progress as a band?

G: My job really doesn't affect the band, I won't let it.

M: I just quit mine so it gives me time to work on new songs. But I'm going to get a job pretty soon or I'll be broke.

A: Dog Tired is my job. No, I don't have a job at the moment...because I'm a real punk.

J: It can really kill sometimes because my work is tiring. But the band is such a rush at times that I keep up okay.

Q: About the demo, how many songs and when do you think it'll be out?

G: Demo, it'll be about 4 songs, out at the end of the summer.

J: Who the fuck knows?

Q: How would you describe your music?

G: That's tough, I hope it comes off sounding emotional and sincere - because the lyrics mean a lot to me. God, man! They come from fear, frustration, and people that have moved me from time to time.

M: We're not a typical hardcore band. I think we've formed a sound of our own and have some variety in our songs. We've avoided the typical song formulas that many bands stick to.

A: We've been compared to bands like Soulsides and Kingface. I don't consider us really a hardcore band, just a band.

J: Passionately frustrated without remorse for overindulgence of emotion.

Q: How hard is it for a new band to play? You've only played the Rat Trap Cafe so far.

G: It's really hard to find places to play. For one thing, we really don't know anyone who can help us get shows with bigger bands. It really makes me mad, there are so many people we want to reach, so many places we want to play.

A: There seems to be a decent amount of places to play. We've yet to play any so I couldn't tell you how hard it is to get shows. We're in the process of calling clubs and talking to friends in other bands about getting gigs.

J: It's hard as dick because nobody wants to bill somebody who hasn't been anywhere yet. Catch us for sure.



- They Wanna Be Your Dog

Q: If you could open for any band, who would it be?

G: Anybody.

M: I'd like to play with Soulsides or the False Prophets.

A: Ed Gein's Car, False Prophets...

J: As of lately, the bands I'd most like to play with are Verbal Assault, Soul Asylum, yes! still Dag Nasty, and now Fugazi.

Q: Any closing comments?

G: We'd love to play for free. Bands interested in being on our label, mail us something. Peace and love for everybody.

M: I hope people will give us a listen and enjoy what we're playing. I hope we don't get categorized as a certain type of band. I'm just looking forward to playing for people and meeting them. See ya then!

J: Come see us live as much as possible so you can make friends with us, and don't disrespect your friends 'cause for new they're all you got.

Write to Dog Tired c/o Guy, 24 McKinley Ave., E. Hanover NJ 07936.

I confess to a nostalgic rush just hearing her voice again, but it isn't enough. And I would like to suggest that the Smith most responsible for the failure of Dream of Life isn't Patti but her husband Fred. Because the Patti Smith parts of this record still sound very much like the Patti Smith of ten years ago. There is poetry to be found in every lyric, and her phrasing is strong, full of emotion, creating palpable tension during the verses. But the music is bland, simple, and wimpy. You can tell that one of the two people responsible for this record used to be in the Patti Smith Group, but you'd never guess that the other was once connected with the MC5.

Start with the single, "People Have The Power." It's got the anthemic urgency of "Because The Night" (well, not quite, but it's at least as good as "Frederick"). And it's not a bad comeback song for a presidential election year: "The power to dream/to rule/to wrestle the earth from fools/it's decreed/the people rule..." Why weren't the Democrats playing this from the podium during their Convention?

But much of this record is as embarrassingly lame, self-indulgent, and enervated as the godawful second side of Wave. What's missing here is Lenny Kaye's gift for the garage-rock hook, the biting riff, the Patti Smith moment of awe - what R.Meltzer called "the unknown tongue" - as when "Horses" explodes into the chorus of "Gloria," or when the ecstasy of "Dancing Barefoot" is likened to "a shot of heroin." "Up There Down There" builds tension in the verse; Fogarty likens it to "Pumping My Heart," but at the point where that song explodes into the chorus, "Up There Down There" vamps into a boring 4-bar instrumental break. The song's tension has no release; foreplay without orgasm.

"Where Duty Calls," about terrorist bombing in Lebanon, lapses into middle eastern restaurant muzak and steals the hook from "Barracuda." And the treacly "Jackson Song," a lullaby to the Smiths' firstborn, is insufferably, cloyingly sentimental, although no worse than Patti's infamous song to the dead pope on Wave.

Dream Of Life signals the return of a singular talent; I've missed Patti Smith during her nine-year hiatus, I'm glad to have her back. But she's going to have to find some of that old fire if she wants to find an audience outside Adult Contemporary Radio. This is the woman who made William Burroughs one with Phil Spector, who re-invented "Gloria," who gave Bruce Springsteen his first hit single. She - and we - deserve better than Lite FM. From Patti Smith, I want awe.

- Jim Testa



Patti Yes/ Patti No

PATTI SMITH
Dream Of Life, LP
Arista

Patti Smith has done something that many people will find hard to forgive in a rock rebel: She's grown up. Like John Lennon before her, she has come back to the field after a long self-imposed exile with a new work of unmistakable maturity.

The world may not be ready for a Patti Smith who celebrates the love between husband and wife, who marks the sorrow of parting with a friend, who sings a lullaby for her infant son. But why not? Rock for too long has been the province of indulgent perpetual adolescents who want to rock and roll all night and party every day.

This is not to say that Dream of Life, Smith's first record in nine years, is a classic. It's very uneven. Horses, with its amazing blend of art rock and poetry, is a classic. Easter, with its combination of anthemic rock and poetry, is also a classic. Dream Of Life ranks below the punkish, raucous Radio Ethiopia and somewhere down near Wave, a quirky record that contains several great songs.

The current record has one masterpiece, a couple of good songs, and a couple of misses.

"Going Under" is a great one, a deep and hypnotic number that rates as one of her best lyrics to date. The possibility of love is celebrated, but the possibility of mortality cannot be overlooked. The sea of love can also be the sea of annihilation.

Several of the songs on this album, in fact, connote death as an inevitable part of life. Not the kind of theme you'll find on the latest Zeppelin-clone's lp, to be sure.

"People Have The Power," the single, is a throwback to the old anthemic stuff Smith used to do. It's a good number but not in the league of "Because The Night" or "Pumping My Heart" (from Radio Ethiopia). It's too long and diffuse, but it's got that old garage band thump that you remember from the Patti Smith Group.

That's not too surprising, because ex-PSG members Jay Dee Daugherty (drums) and Richard Sohl (keyboards) are on the recording. Leads are handled by Smith's husband, Fred "Sonic" Smith, one of the galvanizers of one of the great American rock bands, Detroit's MC5.

Musically, the album is not very adventurous. In fact, a couple of tunes recall earlier Smith compositions. The rocker "Up There Down There" reminds me of a slower "Pumping My Heart." And the effective "Where Duty Calls," a meditation on the attack on U.S. Marines in Lebanon, is somewhat reminiscent of "Citizen Ship," Smith's furious denunciation from Wave.

"The Jackson Song," for her infant son named after Jackson Pollack, is downright sentimental, a real sea change for those who perceive Patti Smith as a kind of ferocious woman warrior. (But think back to "Frederick," the single from Wave, for another sentimental treatment of love.) Still, if you're going to write a lullaby, it ought to be sticky sweet, as this one is.

"Paths That Cross" is also a bit on the sentimental side, but with a bittersweet edge. "Looking For You (I Was)" and the title track seem to me uninspired. "Wild Leaves," the B side of the single, is a simple and effective meditation on mortality.

So what do we have here? Smith has returned with an album that, while uneven, is brave, willful, original, and audacious. I submit that at a time when most big label product is timid and safe, Dream Of Life should be applauded as the return of someone unafraid to trust her own voice, no matter where it takes her.

- Mark Fogarty

by Mark Fogarty

I caught up with Blue Hotel after a Friday night show at the Rat Trap Cafe in Haledon. The group has also played at Kenny's Castaways and the Bitter End in New York. Their live shows and their audition tape feature a very clean cut, hooky pop sound. They also look good on stage, two men and two women. Interestingly, no one in the band plays the instrument he or she started out on. Bill Craig, lead vocalist and rhythm guitarist, has been a frontman and drummer in other bands. Jean Burton, lead guitar and vocals, has been a rhythm guitarist. Rod Coppola, the bassist, switched from lead guitar. And drummer Michele Spadaro is the only one who plays what she's used to, and even she was trained as a classical flautist and keyboard player.

Why Blue Hotel?

Jean: You tell him, Ringo.

Bill: There is sort of the reference to the Stephen Crane short story, loosely. Or as I like to say, a different story in every room.

Michele: It was hard to get a name.

What's in the story?

Bill: It has a twisty ending, and it's like a little bit of a Western motif to it. I associate it with sort of a Sam Shepard western melodrama type implications. It's just a color and a thing.

How did you guys get together?

Michele: Three of us worked together in a Top 40 band. And finally just called it quits. Started out with three men, two women, by the time it ended up, three women, two men. Female drummer, female guitarist, female bass player.

How long did you three play together?

Bill: Jean & I played in some version of that band for about 2 years, and then with Michele for almost a year. And Rod and I had been in a band called Boulevard a few years ago.

Michele: In the Top 40 band, when we went our separate ways, we knew that Bill had been writing, and we knew Bill was always a good songwriter, was into original music, and it seemed a good time to try it.

Checking Out

BLUE HOTEL



What do you think the overall effect of switching instruments has been on the group?

Bill: Your preconceptions are really pretty set if it's your instrument. If you're just kind of feeling your way along, I think it gives you more freedom. I think our limitations are our strength, because we're not likely to fall into any real cliched, chopsy type player things, because we're not necessarily up to it, and I really didn't want to be.

Who writes the songs?

Michele: Whoever does lead vocal. Bill does 70%, Jean does 20%, Rod does about 10% right now. Visually, we're fun to watch.

Bill: Sometimes I think we're visually fun to listen to.

What does this band want to do?

Michele: We have high hopes but no expectations. (laughter)

Bill: Take Michele out and slap her around!

Michele: The reception as far as I can tell is not bad. I'd like to take it to better clubs. I would say, high hopes and whatever happens, happens.

Do you guys think you sound like anybody? influences?

Michele: Not consciously.

Bill: Basically, bands tend to be better if they have one personality, whereas the exception has been Fleetwood Mac, because they have three distinct writers, two of which were women, and three distinct singers, two of which were women, and yet they still sound like Fleetwood Mac. I think that is something of a parallel. We'd like to shoot for that, for having at least 3 ways to go without sounding like another band.

Jean: Our power and strength is in the vocals, and we haven't tapped it yet at all. We have good vocals in the band, and our arrangements have been limited, at the moment.

You talking about harmonies, things like that?

Jean: Harmonies, different arrangements, sometimes sharing lines...we have the capability to do what they're talking about with Fleetwood Mac. We have the capability of getting the Fleetwood Mac sound, or going back to a hard, driving Sixties sound, r&b sound.

Who do you see as an audience for yourself? Do you think your best audience is somebody who's older than the kids who were at this club tonight?

Bill: I would hope that we'd have pretty much of a wide audience. We're aiming for a pretty wide audience. Something in the Police, Fleetwood Mac type listenership. Which I think is pretty much across the board. I'm sure there are 12 year olds that buy their records and there are 40 year olds that buy their records.

VERBAL ASSAULT

"Tiny Giants"/"More Than Music" 45

Giant

Verbal Assault's swan song (?), at least until singer Chris Jones and guitarist Pete Chramiec finish their first semester at college, finds the band trying their hand at a reggaeish beat. The slower pace gives Chris a chance to stretch out as the band salutes the "tiny giant" inside all of us. I prefer the harder, faster stuff though, like the b-side, "More Than Music," a throw-back to the band's emo-core thrash of yore. The lyrics ("it's more than music/something to live by/etc.") sound a tad generic in these days of "positive" hardcore, although knowing this band pretty well for several years, I appreciate their sincerity. And original bassist Dylan Roy has left a bassline behind on this track to make sure he's never forgotten. Whew!

- Jim T.

IDIOGEN

Drive You Mad, LP

c/o DID Koper, Gregorciceva 4, 66000 Koper, Yugoslavia

The mysterious Idiogen trio from Yugoslavia are back with their second album, and another cool slice of vinyl it is. Yet we are warned not to compare it with their first LP (reviewed here last year). Perhaps a reviewer's perception of growth is a useless chore in understanding this effort. Fair enough...although there is no denying some thread of spirit & sound between the two releases. Once again, all the lyrics are in English, giving it a sort of hazy geographical stature.

There is a dark undercurrent of feelings that runs through this music, more often thru the lyrics. Exactly what is wrong or who is to blame is not quite clear, but this is no doubt intentional. Even love itself is so hard to achieve and prosper in this web of doubt. It all ends in an instant when we die. These feelings are universal, but I dig the way they are buried somewhat here.

Although only a trio, Idiogen fill the sound spectrum with layers of guitar and vocal parts, just the right amount of distorted & wah wah guitars. The Hendrix influence is obvious, but never overdone. They pull off a number of hip Patti Smith-like spoken word sections, esp. well done on "For You," with its equally seductive groove. The second side is more subtle, totally unrushed (unlike most rock lp's). The songs unfold slowly, picking up gradual momentum. Never dense, yet consistently interesting. Although "Ashamed" is held together by a drum machine, the static groove is nonetheless hypnotic.

"Can You See," the final cut, is the best, speaking directly from the heart to all of us politically-pissed off music lovers who seek to float on an ocean of musical waves, forgetting... That feeling is enhanced by a nice melodic bass solo and a slowly evolving Hendrix-like guitar part of old-fashioned note slurs & string bends. And finally, we may not be able to see you, Andrea Flego & cohorts, but we can certainly hear & applaud what you are singing and saying. Continue your efforts.

- Bruce Lee Gallanter



MACHINE GUN

Machine Gun., LP & CD

MU/Enemy, 111 4th Ave. #5A, New York, NY 10003

Machine Gun are an improvising/noise/jazz ensemble, made up of 6 diverse talents, all of whom have spent much time in the New Brunswick area in different bands. Probably most visible has been alto sax wizard Tom Chapin, who consistently blew away the 20 or so saxists in the Livingston Jazz Ensemble, and then the same as musical director for big band leader Lionel Hampton for the past six years. Bob Musso has also been a busy dude, as engineer & righthand man for superstar producer Bill Laswell. He's worked for a host of artists like Material, Tom Waits, Golden Palominos, and Herbie Hancock, and more recently produced the much talked about debut U.S. release of acoustic guitar wonder Yomo Toro. John Richey, poet/performer for the Young Turks of the past and still with the Lunar/Bear Ensemble, contributes his vocal skills to the lp. The ever-hot bass chair is filled by Brünfuss allstar Jair-Rohm Parker Wells, who's been with DP & The Greys and Venus Envy. Studio drummer Smokin' Bill Bryant really gets around, but has definitely gigged for P.Funk tribute band Sleaze Factor, as well as cult hero Bob Pfeiffer. Guests for the 2 live dates that made up this release are legendary guitar blaster Sonny Sharrock (watch out!) and occasionally the Creative Music Director, Karl Berger, on vibes.

Machine Gun. That name. Not a pleasant image. Threatening, actually. The cover is a dull grey schematic of that very instrument of mass death. The music here, on the other hand, is refreshing, although it might seem scar to the uninitiated. Noise/Avant/Jazz/Rock - all unnecessary terms for this. What brings Machine Gun together is the high level of communication through daredevil improvisation.

The inner teamwork seems to bring this off most successfully. The rhythm team of Parker-Wells/Musso/Bryant (2 basses and drums) continually provides happening back up & structurally unifying stories. The 2 basses are most distinguishable when going in opposite directions together, a nice trick. The other team also weaves an intricate web of often dense passages, made up of Sharrock's unexpected guitar splotches, skronks and other note abuse, along with Chapin's array of alto sax spins & eruptions. John Richey's vocals and tape cutups were only minimal to this point, before he got bolder and more accustomed to the occasional onslaught.

The freshness is what shines through, because these adventurous players are still challenging each other. The frequent wall of sound and blur of activity never goes on too long. Musso has done a fine job of editing the best pieces. Each piece seems to evolve into something else equally coherent. When things move slowly, the actual process/growth makes more sense. A definite connection of ideas. There are certain moments when it all blends together - unified melting blobs that are spiritually soothing. Things even seem like they are going backwards at points, ending at the beginning.

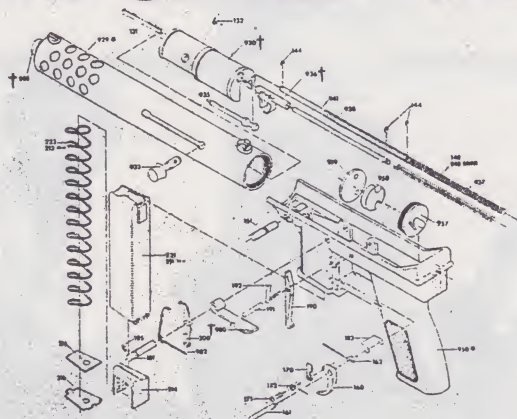
Live, Machine Gun are even more intense! So be prepared to deal with those extremes. They do fit into the universe of noise/sound, somewhere between Material and Borbetomagus, perhaps, but definitely on their own terms.

- Bruce Lee Gallanter



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MACHINE GUN



Skronks
& Other
Note
Abuse



CHRONIC DISORDER
The Drums Of War, LP
 Posh Boy

A totally deceptive name for this 4-piece band. No 2000+ MPH drumming, no preaching about unity or complaining about the scene, just about 40 minutes of hard-driving, soulful rock 'n roll in a style that's pretty hard to put your finger on. Some really excellent guitar work by Jason Wentzell, who still remains as one of the most memorable vocalists around, as well as one of my favorites. Back in 1986, they gave us an incredible LP called "Blithering Idiots" which was flawed by its shitty production, but that's not the case with 1988's model, an all-out classic in the making. Lotsa diversity too: hardcore in "You're Not Alive," reggae in "Reason To Live," and metal in "Another Time And Place. Even tribal drums in "Get Up, Stand Up." Lot of really innovative riffing and some of the tunes remind me of...Patti Smith?!?! Chronic Disorder is one of the bands who need radioplay to prove to the un-alternative masses that there are soulful punk bands more soulful than U2 could ever be.

- John Lisa

KING NEPTUNE

"The Mystic Sea"/"Horizon"

Norman Winter Assocs, 101 W. 57 St., NYC 10019

The members of King Neptune have been together in one form or another since the 70's, but this is the first I've heard of them. Well, looking at their bio, they claim that "it's time to stress our individuality, to play our own music and record our songs in our own way." After hearing this 45, however, all I could think of was how much lead singer Wally Passet sounds like Paul Stanley of Kiss. King Neptune isn't bad but I wouldn't exactly call them great, either. "The Mystic Sea" starts off with the sound of the ocean, waves pounding against the sand, which was interesting enough; then the rest of the song sounded like something Kiss would hide on the B-side of a single. "The Horizon" is a little better, but not much. The music and vocals aren't better, what they need is a better songwriter. I'd be interested to hear what they come up with in the future.

- Tami Morgan

ACID REIGN

Moshkinstein, LP
 Combat

Well, I guess I've heard them all: hardcore, thrashcore, deathcore, metalcore. But applecore?!? Acid Reign's "Moshkinstein" EP is actually billed as UK/AC (United Kingdom Apple Core), so you already get the idea of what these silly guys are gonna let loose with. Blistering, powerful thrash with a comedic edge. Although the lyrics are serious, they do wind up being pretty silly, dealing with the usual: society, death, destruction, oppression, war, and Norman Bates. The music? Well, as said, hateful, gruff thrash w/ good production, but it's been done a million times before. If it's your type of stuff, this band will probably really do it for you. If not, you'll get violently ill.

- J.L.



DAS DAMEN
Triskaidekaphobe, LP
 SST

First off, you should note that Jim Walters and Alex Totino have more or less relaxed their roles as Lead Singer and Lead Guitarist, so that both now sing and play lead in equal measure, with Phil The Bass Player singing one or two tracks as well. Next, forget their image as long-haired ex-hardcore fuckups who can't play; like their last record, "Jupiter Eye," the wall-of-grunge guitars and Lyle Hysen's drumming here are first-rate, even if nobody in this band can sing on key yet. Well...that's what keeps them Punk Rock, I guess. And if their penchant for pseudo-mystical album titles and mumbo-jumbo lyrics is occasionally annoying, it's not fatal; I mean, it's not like you can understand them or anything under all that feedback. My only problem with Das Damen is that their records never really crunch as hard as the band does on stage; there's some ferocious riffing here, and some wonderfully extraneous guitar noise (what Bruce Gallanter might call "psychedelic coolness"), but none of it quite knocks you flat and then drags you by the throat back to the foot of the stage the way their live performances do. Another case of the laid-back reserve this label engenders in its bands...a syndrome we might dub "SST Control." (Ouch)

NAKED RAYGUN

Jettison, LP

Caroline

Echoes of Wire, Buzzcocks, Big Black, and Stiff Little Fingers ricochet like dangerous bits of molten shrapnel all over this record, although the stinging power-riff guitar of John Haggerty and Jeff Pezzati's vocals have really matured into a force all their own. Unlike the unusual "Vanilla Blue" single of last year (pop-rock A-side and weird/funny dub B-side), this new LP - their first on Caroline - just rocks throughout. Tough, meaty, vital rock 'n' roll from the City of Broad Shoulders. I've played this half a dozen times and haven't spotted a weak cut yet. "Soldier's Requiem" showcases the band's Oi roots, lots of chanting choruses, visions of a thousand cheering fans thrusting fists into the air in time with the music, Splcer/Kezdy rhythm team playing hardcore-fast but with martial precision. Electronic distortion on some of the vocals recalls fellow Chicagoan Steve Albini. Lots of classic punk-rock riffing. Get the picture yet? Buy this.

INSIDE THE
 BAND ROCKSON

CONSTANT CHANGE #1
% Brian Simmons, 2028 W. Main Rd., Middletown,
RI 02840

Chris Jones of Verbal Assault slipped me this new zine at CBGB. The Youth of Today interview is total bullshit ("Do you think if they decide not to have anymore shows at CBGB's it'll hurt the NY scene?" "Nah, I don't think so" says Ray 2Day Cappo. Sheesh!). Also: Soulsides, Uniform Choice, Mike Gitter. Be nice if they pay more attention to Rhode Island in future issues, a great scene with a ton of good clubs (Newport, Providence, etc.). It'd also be nice if they got away from the Positive Hardcore YoT wannabees and not fill next issue with Gorilla Biscuits, Bold, and an interview with SCHISM's editors. \$1.00

WIDGET #3
9337 Gallatin Rd., Downey, CA 90240

There's a generic look to a certain kind of hardcore fanzine put out by a kid with an Apple computer and this is one of them. Interviews with Bad Religion, Insubordination, Visual Discrimination, United We Stand (talk about generic)... \$1.00

BOLD APPROACH #2
% Corey Rogers, 438 S. Quincy, Green Bay, WI 54301

Reviews (zines, records, shows), opinions, interviews with hc bands, all thrown together with a spirited slapdash graphic style that sorta defines "punk." \$1.00

THE VILLAGE NOIZE #5
% Eric Wielander, 48-54 213 St., Bayside, NY 11364

Token Entry, Wrecking Crew, Bad Brains, show and record reviews, photos. A fresh voice on the NY hc zine not afraid to stand alone when it comes to picking favorites. \$1

DAMAGE #2
8 Georgian Court, Marlton, NJ 08053

Very primitive xeroxed hc zine with the usual mix of interviews (Accused, Philly's Misunderstood, and a pretty good chat with Agnostic Front that touches on hassles with cops, old punks vs new punks, etc. then editor Bill asks Affirmative Action about Nazis and getting kicked out of college. In other words, can't judge a 'zine by its cover. Also editor Bill is probably the most outspoken skinhead doing a fanzine today. \$1.00

FACTSHEET 5 #27
% Mike Gunderloy, 6 Arizona Ave., Renselaer, NY 12144

Always an essential addition to anyone's reading list, #27 gets an extra 8 or 9 stars because of the interview with the editor of Jersey Beat, a talent, hardworking, and incredibly perceptive guy who shares his vast wisdom and insight with editor Mike. No, really, FF5 is a fanzine about fanzining and an invaluable source, if you don't get this, you're missing the point. \$2.00

FREE YOUTH #3
402 S. Front St. #10, Mankato, MN 56001

A small format zine published by some guys in a band called the Libido Boyz, although they don't use the zine to promote the band at all. Mostly interviews with other hc bands, some short reviews, and a free sticker. \$1.00

CONTRAST #5
PO Box 10832, Beverly Hills, CA 90213

A glossy rock mag, less like hip Creem than it is like a more-commercialized Option... Despite the total pro look, the interviews and some of the writers obviously grok this underground stuff...where else would you find a Winter Hours interview and a Brian Wilson interview? \$2.00

RENTZIES



HOW NOT TO SELL RECORDS

Professionals in the field of advertizing could enumerate the flaws of this ad for a 12-song LP called "morons...& monsters" by a band named SPONCETUNNEL, which is available for \$6 U.S. (\$7 others) postpaid, but you will have to sift through this turgid prose and unsightly graphic design to find what we at Underdog Records, P.O. Box 14182, Chicago, IL, 60614, USA, are trying to coerce you to buy with our hip/flowery/meaningless rap, stolen from SST and Homestead Records' ads, which goes "Experience the most absorbing dance record since the Stooges' 'Raw Power' by SPONCETUNNEL, the quicker-picker-upper of coolness," only to become aghast at the fact that the entire ad is nothing but one big ridiculous run-on that just won't stop...

WHO IN THE GOSH DARN HECK ARE FRIENDS OF BETTY? (A multiple choice quiz)

- a) FRIENDS OF BETTY are paramours of Ms. Boop.
- b) FRIENDS OF BETTY are acquaintances of Elizabeth.
- c) FRIENDS OF BETTY are people who hung around with your next door neighbor's aunt.
- d) FRIENDS OF BETTY is a big, bold, broad-shouldered band from Chicago that sounds nothing like Dinosaur, except for the guitars sometimes.



P.O. BOX 182
CHICAGO, IL 60614

Answer: FRIENDS OF BETTY's "Blind Faith II" is a 14-song LP, now available from Underdog Records (P.O. Box 14182, Chicago, IL, 60614, USA) for \$6 postpaid U.S. (\$7 others).

PAGAN BABIES

Next, LP

Hawker/Roadrunner

I'm not exactly neutral on the topic of this band, since the drummer used to do art for this fanzine before he went off and became a big ROCK star and got too busy to help out his old friends. But that's okay, because I enjoy listening to his band almost as much as I used to love getting his artwork in the mail. "Next" is a major leap from the Pagan Babies' 7" debut, with a deeper, richer sound and the same imaginative songwriting that characterized their EP. Mike McManus writes lyrics that don't hew to the usual hardcore topics - for one thing, this band does love songs, whereas a band like Youth Of Today hardly acknowledges that women exist in their lyrics. For another, the double guitars get used very sparingly - most of the time they're playing the same chords, making a very deep roar - so when they do explode into a lead riff, it's a real buzz. And the band uses influences well beyond the range of just hardcore, from rap (on "Fuck You I'm Punk") to classic punk to Australian garage-rock (they cover the Lime Spiders' "Beyond The Fringe.") My only suggestions for the future might be to work on developing some backup harmonies for Mike's vocals (which are mixed very high and sort of reedy here, and could use a little embellishment now & then) and expand the use of lead/rhythm guitar parts. And make sure Bruce brings along his pens and inks on tour, so he can do some cartoons for me sometime, ok?

- Jim T.

HAPPY FLOWERS

I Crush Bozo, LP

Homestead

Yet another record packed with more uncompromising hate noise from the always wonderful Happy Flowers. Just a bit different this time around. Some "tunes" actually sound structured as opposed to the chaotic blasts of noise they've been producing since Day 1. Funnier too. I almost pissed my pants after listening to "Old Relatives." For some reason you just don't seem to get tired of their silliness.

Ok, this LP has 16 tracks. Titles include "Get Me Off The Broiler Pan" and "My Frisbee Went Under A Lawnmower." All songs are about exactly what you'd expect: a child's mind crying out. LP comes with a list of ways to disturb your parents, like going into another room with a power tool, switching it on, throwing fake blood through the door, and SCREAMING! Nice cover art. Limited edition on colored vinyl. Worth the price.

- John Lisa

TRUE RUMOR

True Rumor, LP

Box 2783, Church St. Sta, New York NY 10008

I like this band! This is the first time I've heard them and I'm really impressed. Everything about them just seems to click, somehow. I'm not even sure I'd bother to classify them, but I think that anyone who likes anything from Ramones to Social Distortion will like True Rumor. To nitpick, they do seem to have a more of a knack for heavier songs like "Excessive Ways" and "Silent Generation" than for their slower love songs, like "Walkin' From Your Heart." Not that their slow stuff isn't good, but the fast songs are better, and definitely worth checking out.

- Tami Morgan



FUSIONAIRES

No Prisoners, Cassette

Headstrong, Box 3173, Princeton, NJ 08543

Jazz/rock fusion has been around almost 20 years, originally conceived by such disparate pioneers as Miles Davis, the Mothers, Soft Machine, and King Crimson in the late '60's. It was obviously Miles' alumni who developed it and won fame (Return To Forever, Weather Report, Headhunters). In the beginning, this was incredibly exciting music to witness live & watch grow. A few years later, this music (like most more commercial music) became too formulaic. Live audiences got into the habit of cheering on fusion units too dependent on dizzying chops & playing-as-fast-as-you-can type nonsense. Compositions, usually the core of most fine jazz, were often forgotten over such displays of supposed virtuosity. Quite sad & boring, but I later got to hate some of that excessive bullshit (Coryell, DiMeola, S.Clark). Still, on a rare occasion, a truly interesting fusion band will appear & still blow minds. Miles still pulls it off, and a recent Zawinul Syndicate performance I saw was truly amazing.

So where do the Trenton/Princeton-based Fusionaires fit in? They are definitely one of the better fusion quartets I've checked out on vinyl in recent years. All their chops are top line and they don't grandstand too much. They can swing furiously at times, and lay back at others.

What I would've hope for from them is more diversity in both song structure as well as possibly incorporating other types of music. Compositionally, they need to be more interesting. Melodies seem to have been kept to a minimum. There's nothing wrong with playing/writing an actual song, as long as it is memorable in some way. Their bassist could also be more melodic, which would round out their sound more. The guitarist doesn't have a distinctive enough tone (which can take years to develop); effects are fine, but find your own sound. I have a problem with guitar synthesizers in general, since practically no one ever sounds like themselves or is consistently interesting on one. It is nice to hear that monster drummer Sim Cain get a chance to open up more here than he does in the Henry Rollins Band. Bottom line: The Fusionaires are usually more exciting than not, but it often takes more. A number of live gigs are coming up; let's see how far they've come toward growth and better compositions.

- Bruce Gallanter

TOKEN ENTRY

Jaybird, LP
Hawker/Roadracer

This is better than Youth of Today but not by much. From the anti-drug message embossed on the back jacket to the singer's hokey attempt at trying to sound like Kevin Seconds, this puppy was a laugh and a half. Ok lyrics but pretty bad guitar sound, esp. considering it was produced by the Bad Brains' Dr. Know. (For those who don't know, producing a record basically entails sitting on your ass & giving your opinion on what it sounds like.) By the way, what are these anti-drug boys doing working with a ganja-smoking Rasta?

- Ben Weasel

LAP JAW - 12" EP
PO Box 1294, Brick, NJ 08723

Six hard-rockin' tunes played very fast but still not hardcore, just rock 'n roll. Good solid stuff delivered with moxie and precision. Nice debut.

- J.T.

WOODPECKER

"Bowl of Water" EP
PNYM, PO Box 3854, Jersey City, NJ 07303

3 song 12" by an odd nouveau-folkie collective. The A-side reminds me of the goofier stuff from Dylan's "Basement Tapes" sessions, a rollicking tune with distorted vocals and trombone oompahs, sorta like "Open The Door, Homer." The 2 b-side cuts are more of the same idea but less fun.

- J.T.

SPONGETUNNEL

Morons & Monsters, LP
Underdog

Rocks hard like the old days - MC5 and the Stooges comes to mind. A strong anti-big business theme runs through the record. But "Bus Ride To Hell," "Pure Muscle," and a cover of the Guess Who's "Star Baby" prove the band ain't too serious.

- Ben W.

SACRED DENIAL

Sifting Through Remains, LP
Forefront, 280 Fairmount Ave., Chatham, NJ 07928

Sacred Denial's fourth lp finds the band with a new drummer and a new direction, since the songs here are considerably more metallized-out than the previous lp, North Of The Order. Gone also, for the most part, are the embellishments - prog-rock guitar excursions, classical piano motifs, synth fills - that defined SD as something more than another teenybopper hardcore band. The music on Sifting all comes at you from the same place, ferocious thrashmetal riffs, pounding rhythm section, unintelligible lyrics spewed at a vicious speed. The only change of pace is their cover of Cheap Trick's "Surrender," although they thrash through that one too. Since recording the lp, the band has lost its guitarist and is currently on a two-month tour with Adrenalin O.D.'s Bruce Wingate on lead guitar.

- J.T.

BULIMIA BANQUET

Eat Fats, Die Young, LP
Flipside

Pretty good punk rock from L.A. with cool female vocals. The music is great but some of the lyrics ("Yuppies From Hell" is a good example) are just stupid. Fuck, I don't know, buy it yourself. It's worth your lunch money.

- Ben W.

PINK LINCOLNS

Back From The Pink Room, LP
Greedy Bastard

This proves this band is a helluva lot better than fellow Floridians No Fraud. This disc has a few clunkers on it but tunes like "Fuck Sex" and "I'm So Polite" more than make up for it, and "I've Got My Tie On" is destined to become a Punk Rock classic.

- Ben W.

SONIC YOUTH



A Dream
Come True?

DAYDREAM NATION

New
Double Album
Out Now
on
CD/LP/CASS



BLAST FIRST THRU ENIGMA: Upcharge, What Upcharge?

Short Takes

THE LAST "Confession" (SST) - As much as I cherish my well-worn copy of L.A. Explosion (circa 1979 although the material dates back a year or two before that, the birth of the whole 60's Revival qua Pop qua Punk Rock thing in L.A. that ultimately gave us the Bangles, 3 O'Clock, Dream Syndicate, etc etc etc) and while I certainly applaud the Brothers Nolte in their attempted comeback at this late date ("take a look around and you'll see what is real/it never could have been 10 years ago" they wrote...ten years or so ago), I find this LP too lightweight, too overstuffed with Beatlesque harmonies, what is it with the Beatles references on this record anyway? Ten years ago they defined their pop moves from a perspective that hovered over Hawthorne, CA (home of the Beach Boys & surf music's birthplace, more or less) like the cheery cherry psychedelic balloon in "Up Up And Away." Still there's about 8 or 9 tons more "popcraft" at work here than on, say, the dB's Sound Of Music or anything on FM Radio so maybe we should just be glad they're back and wait for Comeback LP #2, ok?

- J. Testa

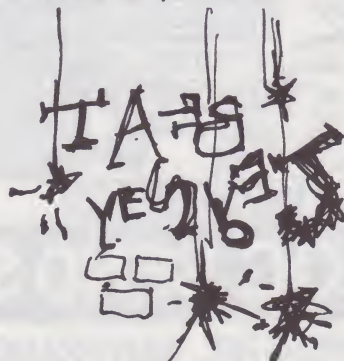
SPERMBIRDS "Something To Prove" (Boner) - A German band with expatriate American singer who do "hardcore" better than any American hardcore band I can think of at the moment, with the possible exceptions of Verbal Assault and the Angry Samoans. Fast, hard, yeah sure, but funny, literate, catchy, nasty, sort of the musical equivalent of reading a particularly good issue of Conflict. "Americans Are Cool" (which says they're not) and "No Punks In K-Town" are so godlike that Ray Cappo should hear them once and crawl off to Antarctica in shame.

DIE KREUZEN "Century Days" (Touch & Go) - Pop moves aplenty for these formerly noisy-as-shit midwestern dirtbags but I took a quick poll of Kreuzen diehards (Coldiron and Phil, the kid with the curly hair at Maxwells all the time in the Die Kreuzen t-shirt) and they liked it, so I guess they're still cool. Me, I could listen to this stuff all day. Not noise but music, but still hard & edgy.

NO MIND "Tales of Ordinary Madness" (Lone Wolf) - If you think the Flaming Lips are like, cool, but lose control and get too wiggly and light-showy for their own good, try & find this Canadian band's lp. "No Mind (To Lose)" is psychedelic hardcore raised to the nth degree with Hendrix guitar moves backed by Black Flagish percussion/bass fronted by way cool vocals and the rest of the record doesn't even suffer by comparison too much, which is like okay.

LYRES "A Promise Is A Promise" (Ace of Hearts) - And a tired lame old fuck with no energy or ideas left is a lame old fuck with no energy or ideas left. Nothing on this record - not the writing or the singing or the playing or the production - sounds like anybody involved even tried to make a good record. Maybe once upon a time Monoman Jeff Connelly could make good records in his sleep but this record will just put you to sleep.

GREEN RIVER "Rehab Doll" (Sub Pop) - I am so sick of Led Zeppelin wannabees, esp from the Northwest, that I'm surprised how much I like this hard rockin' grunge. Is "Rehab Doll" the first AIDS song that doesn't suck? Is "Porkfist" the best title of the year? Is this band cool, or what?



MIGHTY JOE YOUNG - 7" EP

Powerhaus, 50 S. Crescent, Maplewood NJ 07040
Arrgggh. Arrggggghhh. Fuckin' AAARRGGHH!
Evil uncompromising anti-social straight-edged nazi death metal from the bowels of pure damnation. I don't know how MJY gets away with cutting up a virgin on stage. I'd seen these guys back in '77 when they wore makeup and bass player Matt Simmons almost set the Garden on fire with his twisted primitive stage antics. Shit! That would be a scumbag move on my part if I let the review go at that. Actually it would serve them right. They've got some balls being the best musicians I've seen in a very long time. Combine MC5, Damen, Redd Kross, Kiss, and basically anything with a '77 stamp on it and you got this band. Songs have about 6000 different parts and somehow manage to rock your rolls right off (or should I say tails?!). Weird depressed introverted lyrics add a nice edge. ("There'll Be Other Girls) Hoss" will leave you a shaken disgrace. Guitarist Matt Sweeney is Frehley's competition and he wears nice fluorescent necklaces too. Drummer Matt Coleman is up from Hell to bring the earth Death as he pounds up a storm. I used to think Matt (Quigley) Simmons was a great bassist 'til he shaved his head and started painting swastikas throughout my town. Anyhow, I'm sure he has his reasons. You might as well grab this \$2.00 limited edition 7" whilst you can and keep an eye out for Mighty Joe Young since they are making a good name for themselves in the musik scene. Catch 'em on tour with Cryptic Slaughter this Fall. Rock on.

- John Lisa

NEW JERSEY & YOU...PERFECT TOGETHER EP
47 Myrtle St., Midland Park, NJ 07432

This 6-band, 7" sampler from the folks at The Burnt HQ hits & misses:

1. Niblick Henbane - meaty garagecore, anti-skinhead anthem "Fair Odds", so - so.
2. Dirge - "What Happened?" Their usual sloppy speedmetal. Ok.
3. The Burnt - "Chemical Hangover" Yeah, we're all getting older, can't handle those wild weekends like we used to...these guys just seem to go on forever, garagey hardcore with a bent edge.
4. Chemical Waste - "Slutty Bitch" A stupid song by a generic speedmetal band whose mysogynism gets more tedious all the time.
5. New Republic - "The Recruiter" The best cut on this record, by a bright young hc band, the song has a clever anti-military lyric and a vicious Sex Pistols kick.
6. Mechanical Bride - "The Future Is Green" These guys do psychedelic garagecore, every song is a trip, but this one has a few too many quick changes and sounds a bit rushed. Of all the bands on this comp, the Bride are least suited for 2-minute songs, they need more space & time to stretch out.

- J.T.

DETOX

We Don't Like You Either, LP
Flipside (Box 363, Whittier, CA 90608)

I don't care what anybody says, this record sound like the Butthole Surfers. Well, at least Side 1 does. A 31 minute tune called "Everybody's An Idiot (Except Me)" is way too long & drawn out but does offer a lot of fun. Silly noises pop up thru improvisational guitar and repetitious drums. One bass note dominates the song. Unfortunately, I didn't survive the 31 minutes. Unfortunately, I didn't last 21 minutes. Side 2 kicks your head in with crunch throbbing punk rock & snotty vocals singing poetic lyrics. Nice melody with some early heavy metal undertones. Necessary cover art makes it alone worth having. I do think their earlier stuff was a lot better, but this is still very good.

- J.Lisa

The URGE OVERKILL "Lineman" 7" (Touch & Go) is a waste of time and a hunk of shit. I'd expound on it more but it's so fucking boring, it's putting me to sleep. So I put on the new NO FRAUD 12", Hard To The Core (Nuclear Blast) and get taken by surprise (this band has a rep for being hot) by its utter shittiness. The jacket is great but after that it's all downhill. 85% of the disc has the cheesiest echo-heavy metal-like vocals I've ever heard. Most of it is typical Grade A hardcore without a shred of originality (the moans at the end of "Social Disease" are a direct ripoff of Black Flag's "Slip It In") or intelligence. They have a political song, a song about the scene, an anti-conformity song...need I say more? On the other hand, there's the BEATNIGS debut lp (Alternative Tentacles), Beatnigs, which is a prime example of what a pain in the ass reviewing records can be. I first heard this while I was drunk and it was playing in another room, and I thought it sucked. Then I saw the Beatnigs live, bought the record, and actually sat down & LISTENED to it and thought it was great. This band does what 90% of the world's hardcore bands just talk about. The music? It's a little bit of funk, jazz, industrial, classical, and a zillion other classifications. But no, it does not suck, and I suggest you buy it. PISSED HAPPY CHILDREN's Pissed Playground (New Beginning) is, as Chris Sticky would put it, butt-rippin' thrash-a-roony. Though the recording level seems a bit low, PHC (formerly Pillsbury Hardcore) have quick, catchy riffs and the best song intros in the history of music. SKATEMASTER TATE's A Way Of Life (Deluxe) is an exercise in Punk Meets Rap with a hell of a lot more balls than the Beastie Boys will ever have. The Skatemaster (Dubbed 'Tate' because of his resemblance to a large potato) tells us about Bar-B-Q's, Jolt Cola, and other good stuff, all with no sign of political preachiness, empty headed raps, or skate-til-death bogosity. Just good, clean fun. YOUTH OF TODAY's We Are Not Alone (Caroline) is the perfect gag gift. It's hard to believe these stubbly-haired do-gooders are for real. But yes, folks, I really do feel the emotion gushing from Ray 2Day when he whines about the scene and proclaims his integrity and commitment 392 times (and that's just Side A). It's hard not to believe that this band isn't totally full of shit when they scream and yell and stomp their feet about trying to be an individual while they all wear big goofy X's on their hands and identical Nikes. In the jacket photos, they all seem to be in competition to see who can grimace, flex their muscles, look anguished, and jump 8 feet into the air (all at the same time)...except for the Beaver Cleaver-like drummer, who I figure to be about 12 [Editor's Note: 14] and who looks like he's about to either piss his pants or cry. The music is rehashed Minor Threat garbage, the attitude is one of arrogant elitism, and to sum it up in one word - Jockcore.



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JFA

Nowhere Blossoms, LP

Placebo, Box 23316, Phoenix, AZ 85063

Please forget they were once a hot skateboard/punk band. "Nowhere Blossoms" is more psychedelic than the Flaming Lips and full of wonderfully surprising twists into jazz, acid-rock, and hard punk. But they have to do something about the vocals.

DUST DEVILS

Gutter Light, LP

Rouska

Enterprising Brit band emigrates illegally to the Lower East Side to soak up atmosphere and drink in some "culchah." Alas, the day comes when they must return to Leeds, but they persist in their musical endeavors 'til their musical wish is granted, as they wake up one afternoon and discover that they have become -- Sonic Youth! The Dust Devils, like so many Brits before them, craftily assimilate an original American aberration, surely intending to couple it with peculiarly over the top English style and sell it back to us at twice the cost. This is a well crafted imitation, frustrating in that they could probably do much better if they channel their energies into being more original.

- Maria Jenis

THE TEXAS INSTRUMENTS

Sun Tunnels, LP

Rabid Cat, Box 49263, Austin TX 78765

This Austin trio's whiney Dylanesque vocals push all the right buttons in this ex-folkie's fevered brain, so I'd probably like them even if they didn't write great songs, construct mesmerizing folk-/rock riffs, or record for one of the coolest indie labels around. Since they do all that & more, though, the Bob Dylan vocals are just a little icing on a very tasty cake.

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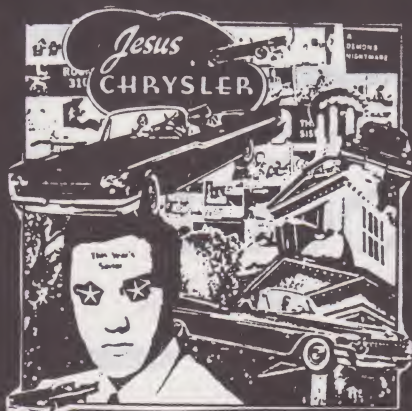
SST

SST? Where was Twin\Tone when this bunch was label-shopping? This is their kind of stuff - great garage-band punk from the Twin Cities, a singer with a wickedly distinctive voice, gripping lyrics with a Dylanesque razor-edge, and a nifty sense of humor as well. Their presskit also has my favorite line of the year so far: "A stupid name is a good start." So is this record.

-J.T.



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cassettes

STETZ

"Tasty" Cassette
Box 6141, Union, NJ 07083

Stetz may not be the most successful band around, or the most popular, or even the best, but you have to give them credit for pure ornery stick-to-it-iveness. For 6 years or so, ever since Brian Sommer and Wayne Russo first started fooling around together on guitar & drums in their parents' basements, there's been a Stetz. Now there's a Stetz cassette, a followup to their 1985 lp, a retrospective chronicling the band's entire checkered career. Their are live tunes here from both club gigs and in-studio performances at WFMU, outtakes from recording sessions and even basement rehearsal tapes. Through it all, there's the perennial Stetz sound - Brian Sommer's nasal garage-rock vocals, grungy hardcore guitar, Russo's drums, and a collection of clever, ironic, and humorous songs. From the early hardcore efforts like "Anarchy Sucks" and their hometown anthem - "Union," to the band's later more garage-rock sound, this tape gives you a 45-minute precis' of 6 years worth of New Jersey rock 'n rolling.

THE BLEBS

"MTV Superstar" cassette

The band neglected to put their address on this tape but it's just as well. This is the band's second lp-length cassette, and like the first it's an undistinguished mishmash of genres - hardcore, pop, dumb covers - full of obvious jokes ("Piece Of Ass," "Amazon Bitch," "Smelly Shorts") you wouldn't want to hear more than once. Nice of the band nice to waste a precious resource like vinyl on this sort of junk.

BUZZCOCKS

"Lest We Forget" Cassette
ROIR, 611 Broadway, New York NY 10012

Wow!! More Buzzcocks! 19 songs recorded live at various dates (all from the band's American tours) in 1979 and '80, compiled by Joan McNulty, who used to publish the Buzzcocks fanzine "Harmony In My Head." While most of the songs can be found on the band's seminal singles collection, Singles Going Steady, the live versions do bring you a more manic Pete Shelley and the Buzzcocks' aggressive guitars cranked up to 11. A must get ROIR cassette.

BIOHAZARD Demo Cassette

% Richard Frein, 534 72 St., #3, Brooklyn NY 11209.

A New York thrashmetal band, lots of growly vocals and slow mosh guitar parts interspersed with speedy thrash parts, very little if any lead guitar, and song titles that suggest more Skinhead Republicanism - "Master Race," "Victory Of Death," "Howard Beach," "Survival of the Fittest" and especially "Money For the Unemployed."

DAUGHTER JUDY

"Daughter Judy Mellencamp" cassette
Garageland, 292 Barrow St. Box 2, Jersey City NJ 07302.

First there were the girl groups - the Shangri Las, Dixie Cups, Ronnettes - and then in the '70's there were the punk-rock girls who camped up and spoofed the genre - early Blondie, B-52's, Martha & The Muffins. Now what to make of Daughter Judy, who revive the kitschy-koo sound of those 70's groups without any new ironic twist? Is this just more 70's revivalism - the Bring Back Blondie Movement? Does Daughter Judy intend their music to make an ironic statement about the 70's punk girls the way those bands were making a statement about the early 60's girl groups? I don't know. Sit back & listen, or get up and Pony, it's a cute and frilly sound full of keyboard runs and catchy hooks. Docked one point for the pseudo-racism of "Pygmy," though.

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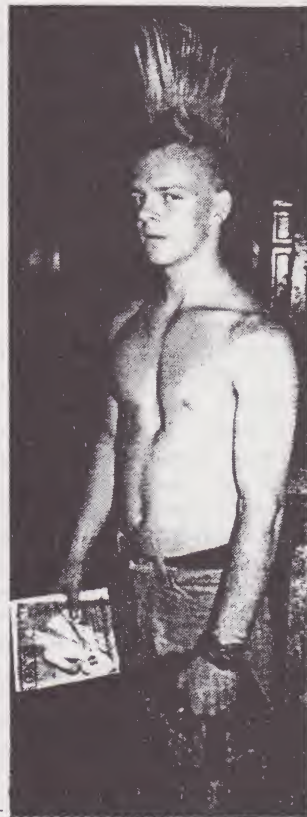
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NJ & NY TAKEOVER Compilation cassette
% HCP, PO Box 49, Rowland, PA 18457

A way cool sampler of local bands, with a nice mix of punkers, thrashers, and the occasional change of pace. Of the bands I know, the Blisters, Parasites, Social Decay, and Dirge are well represented by their cuts, which include both studio and live tracks; Psycho Sin sounds much improved on their contribution, and Crucial Youth get to do their Youth of Today jokes again. Of the bands new to me, I definitely want to hear more from Black Vomit, Hunger Artist, and The Wallmen. I could live without the speedmetal tunes by Chemical Waste and the techno-industrial whatsit of Treaty of Paris. A very good compilation for this type of thing.

- J.T.

A PRIORI

"Damn The Past" EP
108 Skyline Dr., Morristown NJ 07960

I got to see this band perform a while back and they were really cool, a lot of energy and they bass player jumps in the air throughout their show. This 7 song EP is just as good, solid music and the backing vocals enhance the songs. The singer, Dan Mackta, puts a lot of feeling into the songs, and the lyrics are intelligent. A do-it-yourself release that overall is inspiring for other people to do-it-themselves.

- Tom Angelli

OUTCROWD

New Music Solution, LP
Rivet, PO Box 916, Lexington, MD 20653

This 3-piece from Maryland put out a pretty good piece of vinyl. Vocals & music recall Youth Brigade/The Brigade at times. Songs deal with everything from the value of money in "Suffer" to the bullshit of "Satan Rock." Tempo changes, thought-provoking lyrics, and clever guitar riffs keep you interested. Better backing vocals that work so well with the Doughboys could help them out & give more character to some songs, though. Standouts: "Suffer," "Quest," and "Negative Time," a hip instrumental.

- Tom A.

HERESY

Face Up To It, LP
In Your Face, % Kalv, S-13 Victoria Centre,
Nottingham NG1 3PB England

Now this is the type of stuff that keeps the dying world of thrash alive. Totally ripping LP. Innovative style, refreshing lyrics and topics, and a great blend of political hc and speedmetal. In spite of the deathly name, Heresy don't sing about stupid shit like Satan's asshole or cannibalism. In fact, it's pretty tuff to pinpoint exactly what they sing about...but you'll know after the first song that it's worth listening to. The music sounds typical of the U.K. scene right now, with bands like Napalm Death, Concrete Death, Deviated Instinct and Ripcord running wild & raw. There's a distinctive high end to Heresy's sound with quirky offbeat musicianship. Compared to their earlier material, this sounds like they've been listening to some straightedge NY/HC bands and that heavily influences much of this LP. The inside pinup not only comes with the lyrics but also who, what when, where, and why the songs were written. A truly ferocious piece. Invest!

- J. Lisa

HONEYMOON KILLERS

Turn Me On, LP
Buy Our Records

When you feel like shinnyin' down a hell hole o' your own most abject an' repulsive impulses, cain't be no better background hum than Honeymoon Killers. They've gumboed an absitively unique concantation o' rock-a-bully swampswagger, artsy cortex-wracking random eruptility, and down 'n dirty Detroitian streetedge that Guns 'N Roses can only read about in musty back ishes of MI era Creem. Honeymoon Killers have bested all their influences, smashing together a pretty much unprecedented melange o' fuck 'n rawl HI Test Genius Moves into the finest sonic gut blast this side of: sex with a stranger that leaves you bloody...then dead a year later. Yeah. Right. Better just to buy the record and dream about it in Bud Lite-induced mock stupor. Much better than '87 Sonic Youth, children.

- Howard Wuelfing

IN BETWEEN DREAMS

A Different Life, LP
Rabid, PO Box 158, Lincroft, NJ 07738

In Between Dreams have been for 3 or 4 years and come from the currently unpopular Jersey shore. They played at one of my "psychedelic" fests a few years back, but the camps were divided. While certain Jersey Beat staffers couldn't dig them, other friends of mine did, enough to see them again a few times on their own turf. I was in between, but leaning more towards like. They seemed to have developed a rough/heavier edge since their demo, perhaps a bit too heavy-handed at times. This LP, however, shows much of their lighter side, and often to good advantage.

A Different Life was written and recorded over the last 3 years and released by the band itself. Although it often leans to their lighter side, the few darker, more rockin' tunes help balance this out nicely. There are moments that glow with an innocent sunshine-like quality that can be quite moving when the mood is right. Gordon Gunn's distinctly whiney, British-toned voice is often what stands out. It has elements of Alex Chilton's Big Star voice, but not as strained or precious. Two real gems are the vocals and harmonies of "A Different Life" and "Give And Take," both catchy and beautiful.

Guitarist John Pfeiffer has that real modern sound, somewhere between U2 and REM, but not as original. Still, he does a good deal of fine chiming and ringing, not every distant from early vinyl by the Church. I could easily see much of this material being played on commercial radio as well as the college airwaves. I certainly don't mean that as an insult. I just hope someone out there gets to hear this amongst the millions of other releases that came out (just last week!?!?).

- Bruce Gallanter

SAFE AS HOUSES

"safe as houses" EP
DLE, PO Box 5023, Toms River, NJ 08753

One of Howard Wuelfing's pet theories has always been that Michael Stipe copped all his major vocal moves from the P-Furs' Richard Butler; one of the more useful functions of this 3-song debut EP from a new South Jersey label is that it illustrates that theory like an aural term paper. "Movement As A Clock," the A-side, is all Psychedelic Furs, from the ringing/grinding guitars to the vocals, which borrow not only Richard Butler's grainy guttural tone but his phrasing as well. The B-side starts with an obscure Donovan cover, "Epistle To Dippy," in which the tone and phrasing are still there, but there's also a noticeable R.E.M. flavor. By "Three Days Since Monday," the transformation is complete, and it's all R.E.M., from the ringier guitar sound to the slurred vocals. As a term paper, I give it an A+. As a record, C-.

- Jim Testa



Demos

MACHINE, Sneekers, Passaic, NJ, July 23

To quote Machine: "Machine the concept is based upon the ideal that our world is a working system made up of billions of individual parts, and if all those parts perform their tasks properly, the world will function in harmony. However, complete and tireless effort from all parts is required in order to realize this harmonious existence."

Machine the Group is the concept incarnate. Each member of the band has his own idea on the theory, optimal sound, and quality of music. The members have joined their individual talents and ideas and have formed an original sound that has raised heavy metal to a higher level."

Hmmm... Well, I'm not sure about "raising heavy metal to a higher level," but I thought they were pretty good. For starters, I must say this band is composed of an incredibly cool bunch of guys who put me and my two friends on their guestlist and spent most of the night hanging out with us, dodging cockroaches and guzzling large quantities of alcoholic beverages. When they got onstage, the first thing I noticed was the amount of energy they put into their stage show. I can't remember seeing them stand still! They just kept moving and playing...real fast. They had a lot more get up 'n go than we did at 1 a.m.! Whew! Their songs are...well, a lot like the band before them. Not that original, I'm afraid. I do believe that the best is still yet to come for Machine; they certainly seem headed in the right direction. They have one great song, "Misery Loves Company," which is their "boy tells bitchy girl to go to hell" song. Their demo is worth a listen and their stage show is definitely worth seeing, but I think their sound has a bit further to go before they reach that "higher level."

Machine

Rob Rizzo - lead guitar, vocals

Jeff Mackey - bass, vocals

Anthony Trzesinski - lead guitar

Kenny Pierce - drums

For demo or mailing list: Machine, % Rob Rizzo, 190 32nd St., Brooklyn, NY 11232.

by Tami Morgan

MIRACLE LEGION

"Glad" EP

Rough Trade

I've always had a soft spot for this band, as they've most often been enchanting, whether laying back or burning it down. They've distilled some of R.E.M.'s magic and made it their own. Distinctive & smooth-toned vocalist Mark Mulcahy follows that newer tradition of vocalists who seem to be in a world all their own whilst on stage. He sings up to the mike, hands often fluttering like birds' wings. Silly-looking to some, but sincere and special to others. Natalie of 10,000 Maniacs and Mimi of Hugo Largo also seem to be in this tradition.

This is the Legion's third 12" release and it shows their numerous sides in fine light. They've adapted especially well to the studio, as can be heard on the 3 great tracks on the first side. Their sound ranges from full & grandiose to more skeletal reserve, as can be found on the melancholy "A Heart Disease Called Love;" ever so tranquil, warm, delicate, a sort of Dylanesque purity, complete with wholesome harmonica.

The biggest surprise here is their set closer, where they were joined onstage by rock greats Pere Ubu. A strange combination, you say? No doubt! The doubled guitars & drums really twist things into a frantic brew. Mark's voice even sounds threatening for a change. Weird! A most successful & disturbing ending to a mostly strong release.

- Bruce Gallanter

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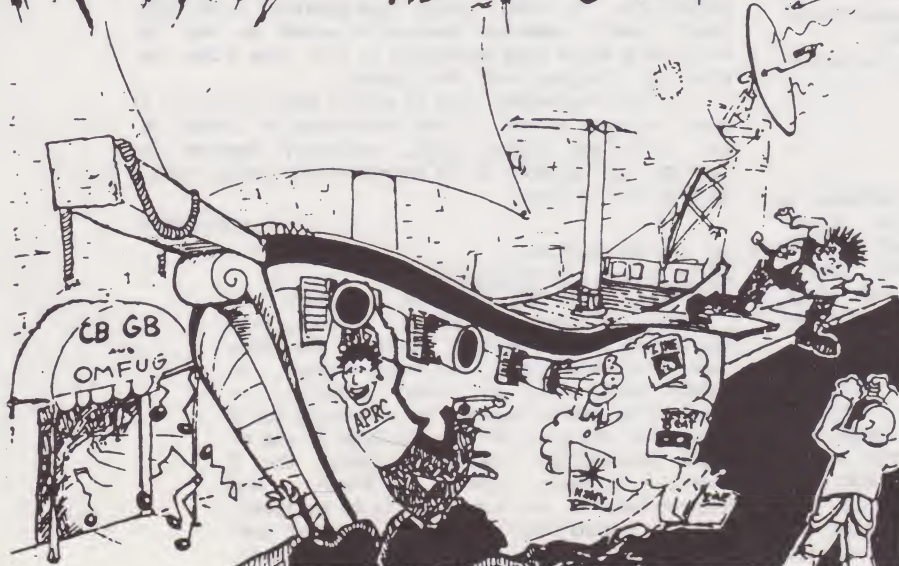


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Reviews

GROCERIES

Where Are You Now?, LP
New World, Box 311, Manville NJ 08835

For the very last time, I have to set the record straight. There are always those local bands that become dancefloor wonders, slaying 'em in the clubs, but never putting out that slice of vinyl representative of their greatness. The Groceries were one such hot live band, boogieing out of Princeton, of all places, who use to provide 2 or 3 live sets of mostly smart, exceedingly danceable tunes for local college crowds. Their one 12" EP didn't quite capture that spirit.

But now, 5 fucking years after this long lost LP was recorded, it comes outta nowhere, with a large question mark on the cover, asking that topical question, "Where are you now?" Well, oddly enough, this record finally does capture some of their unique sound & scope.

What stands out most is the wealth of well-crafted pop/funk tunes, all nicely produced. The guitars & keyboards have just the right balance of tones & brightness. Solos are really not that important, since the tunes themselves are what rings true. That P.Funk influence is there in the right places as well, with some cheesey but funky synth squiggles, buoyant dance grooves, and even some groovy vocal thangs. Lead singer Rich Lather has a distinctive, deep voice that's most often a smart aleck deadpan, with a shrewd but off the wall sense of humor. Usually winning, but sometimes obnoxious.

Although chances are that they'll never reform, it's not difficult to imagine them with a successful 12" dance hit today. They've got one of those no-doubt get-down groove-a-thons on this LP, "Searching." The song fades where a monster 12" remix should begin.

My fave tune is the fine, somber pop of "Windows," which features lead guitarist Glen Frey on lead vocal. A lovely, almost reggae groove, thick bass, and a perfect blend of guitar & piano. It seems to be a distant relative to R.E.M., whom they predate. Perhaps Greg & Andy could continue in this direction, since they still work together in their studio/home.

Not everything works for the best, though. "Multi National" is too weighed down, both rhythmically and with the overly silly vocals. Rich also tries a bit too hard on "Sentimental Affairs," with the super-shmaltz routine, altho the rest of the tune is one soft, soothing groove, with nice vocal harmonies and pungent lead guitar swirling, not unlike some of the better reggae guitar heroes pull off. That island feel is so good... All in all, a fine posthumous effort that makes one feel good, for a change.

- Bruce Gallanter

OF CABBAGES & KINGS

Face, LP
Purge/Sound League

Last year's self-titled debut by Of Cabbages & Kings was one of my favorites - guitar-driven angst-ridden New York noise that sounded like Sonic Youth a couple of albums ago, but mixed a little more openly and with the vocals a little more yelled. Face parallels Sonic Youth's development in that each cut is closer to a song, and each song has its own sound. There's less noise here, with more sung vocals and less screaming, and more bass to balance out the guitars. Although the first song is entitled "Sister," they aren't SY clones. Several songs are reminiscent of other art-noise bands, but they never steal anyone's sound. They do take some ideas and make them their own, and some similarities are understandable since members of OC&K are veterans of Swans and other fanzine faves. The vocals & overall sound of a couple of cuts even reminded me of NoMeansNo.

This is a more mature, focused record than last year's. One sign of thoughtfulness is the short album intro of Tom Waits-like accordion on "Shall We Dance," which is reprised at the end. Besides more variety in the songs, there are more dynamics & tempo changes, but the shifting textures add interest instead of getting on your nerves, like some bands. Their first record was very loud & fast; this one is mid-tempo and fast. Still, talk of maturity and thoughtfulness is relative - they still grind. These guys are better than your average noise band and aren't self-indulgent, like some. I'm glad to see that last year's great vinyl wasn't a fluke.

- David Best

RAPEMAN

"Hated Chinee"/"Marmoset," 45
Touch & Go

Rapeman, Exit Club, Chicago, July 14

Steve Albini's new band played their first advertised gig to a fairly large crowd full of poseurs, losers, and Pravda Records pop stars (a pretty redundant list, actually). The Didjits opened and the less said about them, the better. Comparisons between Big Black and Rapeman are inevitable, and not too far off the mark. Differences in sound seem due more to the new band members than a change of heart on Albini's part. The sound was cleaner than Big Black's grunge, and whereas Dave Riley flogged his bass, the new bassist actually plays his. Cutting the number of guitars in half has eliminated the washes of noise. Steve still makes a hell of a racket, but now it's with controlled explosions applied with precision. Rest easy, the subject matter is still the same. A song about a lesbian superhero is entitled "Super Pussy" (a goof on the Pixies?), while a Gore-like dirge pays homage to that infamous tv newsman who deep-throated a pistol on live tv. The band did both songs from their very-limited-edition 7". "Marmoset" sounds like a (very good) outtake from a Big Black lp, while "Hated Chinee" reminds of Led Zep attempting reggae. Don't let that turn you off; it's a very catchy song and really growing on me.

A human drummer means that the tempos are now more varied within each song, and the band's overall sound reminds me of the SST fusion bands; one Chicago underground luminary approved of a Henry Rollins comparison. A lead singer from Scratch Acide who shall remain nameless because he asked me not to mention him had a song dedicated to him, then ended the show by singing with the band.

A fine beginning, and if you've been living in a cave and have missed all the references to Albini & Co. in Melody Maker, Spin, and every fanzine in America, a Rapeman EP is scheduled for early fall, with an LP due later.

- David Best

THE BULLOCK BROTHERS

The Prophecies of Nostradamus, LP
Blue Turtle, Box 152, Bellmore, NY 11710

This is a very nice album. In fact, it's too fuckin' nice! Mellow, boring, new wave rock, no upbeat tunes, no tempo changes, no punchy guitars or any vocal abrasion, no originality. Sorta sounds like something you'd hear over the p.a. at the Cat Club on one of those pretentious New Wave nights. The 2 covers ("Magic Carpet Ride" and "Heartbreaker") are too bland to be believed. Annoying pseudo-English accented vocalist puts the last nail in the coffin. Bury it already. Listen to more Screeching Weasel.

- John L.

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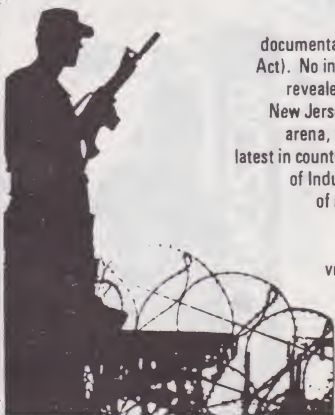
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Here at BOMP!/Voxx, we've been operating covertly for years, with our own secret agenda. Our plan? Simple — Underthrow the Overground!

THE SECRET TEAM is a raw document of our times. It includes 14 unfunded activist groups, with selections from their latest albums, and full documentation (in compliance with the Freedom of Information Act). No informed source can prepare you for the shocking truth revealed on this "off-the-shelf" album. From the jungles of New Jersey to the arid wastes of Los Angeles; in every musical arena, from punk rocketry to psychedelic mind control to the latest in counter-offensive thrashcore, to the killer subsonic devices of Industrial Doomsday horrors, to the bio-sexual mutagens of a deranged social experiment gone horribly wrong.... these bands are putting themselves on the line to sabotage the Grey Forces where they are most vulnerable — in the putrid rot of their own music scene!



Remember:
He who controls Magnetism controls History!

NOTE: This album is on sale CHEAP wherever brave men and women still sell records. It is NOT available on CD, laser suppository, or neural implant. If you can't find it, order direct from us by sending \$5 (overseas add \$2)

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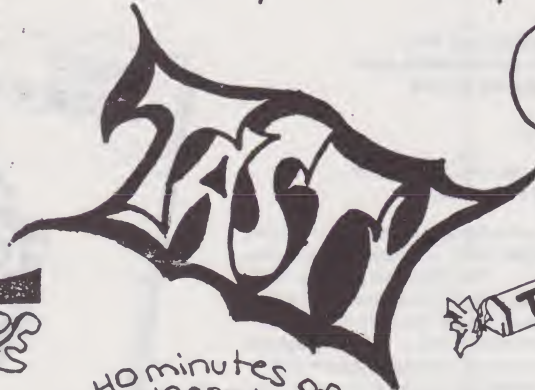
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